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PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
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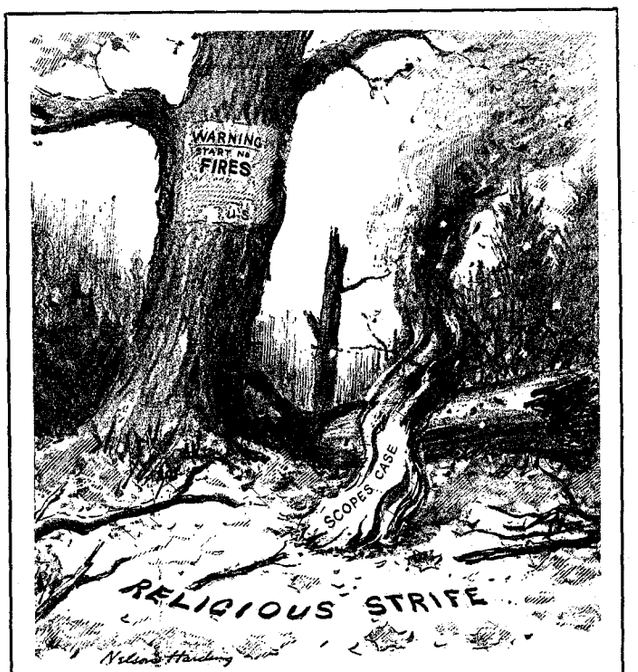
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

LARGER ASPECTS OF THE DAYTON TRIAL

AFTER THE GREAT WIND, the earthquake, and the fire, "a still, small voice"—after the perfervid oratory, the personal encounters, the sensational performances and the circuslike adjuncts of "our generation's most amazing misdemeanor trial," comes sober editorial consideration of the real issues underlying the Scopes case and the true significance of the fight over Tennessee's anti-evolution law. One cartoonist tells the story by picturing the ruins of the Scopes trial with "Personalities," "Bad Manners," "Bunk," and "Ignorance" going up in smoke, and "The Only Thing Left Standing" being the undamaged smokestack labeled "Legality or Illegality of Anti-Evolution Law." From the discussion of this issue, still to be fought out in Tennessee, and probably Federal, courts, our editors turn to consider what effect the sensational and highly advertised court-room performance at Dayton will have upon the people who have listened to the radio broadcasting of the testimony or the newspaper accounts of the trial, and who have found in it all conversational material in an otherwise dull summer. Generally speaking, the newspapers of the country are unconvinced that there is any necessary clash between the Bible and the theory of evolution, even tho the defense at Dayton were unable to put testimony to that effect before the jury. Generally speaking, with certain notable exceptions, they find the Darwinian theories credible, rather than otherwise. And also generally speaking, they deplore the spectacular methods and manners of Bryan and Darrow, the chief protagonists at Dayton, and deny to the one the rôle of defender of the faith, and to the other that of champion of science. But while the Dayton trial is held to have settled nothing definitely either in the realm of religion or the field of science, there are those who feel that it has had its effect on popular thought in both directions.



SPARKS AND TINDER!

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

As generally predicted, Mr. Scopes was found guilty and fined $100 and his lawyers entered an appeal to the Tennessee Supreme Court. Separate proceedings are under way to ensure hearings in the Federal Courts. As the Washington *Star* puts it, the central question remains to be settled: "Was the State of Tennessee within its rights under the Constitution when it passed the law under which Scopes was convicted?" In Tennessee the Chattanooga *News* holds that the anti-evolution act, "while unwise, is not unconstitutional":

"The State, both in the exercise of its police power and in the exercise of its right of direction to its own agents, has the undoubted power to do this thing. The Supreme Court of the United States has often upheld the right of the legislative or executive body to act in an unwise fashion, if this act be within the range of power allotted to it by the Constitution."

The Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution seems to the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* "to come into play when the State undertakes to lay compulsion and restrictions on private schools, but it is far from certain that it can be pleaded as a bar to a State's imposing any limitation it chooses on the curricula of its own educational organism." As the Macon *Telegraph* sees it, the Tennessee law does not abridge any of the guaranties of freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of worship. "If the legislature had attempted, for instance, to outlaw the theory of evolution, had attempted to make its teaching even in the home criminal, it would have been grossly violative of constitutional rights." So the Georgi paper thinks that the conviction of Scopes will be ultimately upheld, but that Tennessee will sooner or later "repeal the statute because it will acknowledge as a mistake any effort to bolster religion with law." As the Washington *Post* sees it:

"A basic question of States' rights is involved in the Dayton trial. If a State may be denied the right to prescribe a course of study in the public schools, it may be deprived of all power over its school system. Under the pretext that a State might abuse its power by attempting to interfere with religion, all its powers might be swept away. But the courts stand as a barrier against such an attack upon State control of public schools. So long as the States remain within constitutional limitations, their control over public schools will not be abridged by any decision of the United States Supreme Court.

"The Dayton trial is likely to furnish much enlightenment to lawyers as well as laymen on the subject of constitutional limitations. There is no unlimited power in the United States,

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except the power of the people. All agencies of government must function within bounds. What these bounds are in the case of State jurisdiction over public schools has not been fully determined, but it seems reasonable to assume that when a State prescribes a course of study for its public schools, which are supported by taxes imposed by the State, it can make any other course of study unlawful, even if a teacher violating the law should set up the defense that his theories were facts. Many facts exist which, if taught in the public schools, would subject the teacher to lynch law without further ado.

"Can a State prescribe that the Bible or the Koran shall be used as a textbook in the public schools? There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States which denies that right to a State. The States and the people have great reserved powers, and this power to control the public schools is one of them."

Nor does the Columbus *Dispatch* see any precedent for the stretching of any clause of the Federal Constitution to nullify

THE PROBABLE RESULT!

—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald*.

the Tennessee anti-evolution law. And it observes: "The Tennessee law is bad enough, but it is not so dangerous in the long run as would be the unprecedented extension of Federal power by which some would like to see it nullified."

On the other hand, the San Francisco *Bulletin* quotes sections of the Constitution of the State of Tennessee dealing with the duty of the legislature to cherish science and to preserve the freedom of speech and religion, and proceeds to comment:

"Here are pleas for the enlightenment of literature and science; a clear separation of the provinces of Church and State, and for freedom of speech and teaching. The recent law is seen to be not only in conflict with the letter and spirit of the United States Constitution, but with the spirit and still more explicit letter of the Constitution of Tennessee."

On appeal, suggests the Chicago *Evening Post*, the Scopes defense "may be able to show that a law which establishes a specifically religious dogma, and the dogma of a particular religious group, as a criterion of teaching in tax-supported schools runs counter to fundamental principles and rights." The Baltimore *Sun* hopes that in appealing the case the defense will go straight to the main issues involved: "whether such a law does not constitute an invasion of the fundamental guaranties of freedom of speech and of religion; whether sectarian interpretations of religious doctrines are to be allowed to become the determining factors in public education in America, and whether in the determination of public policies scientific knowledge is to give way to ignorant prejudice." The Cincinnati *Enquirer* believes the United States Supreme Court will hold the Tennessee law "in violation of the spirit of American institutions":

"If nothing in this nation can be taught in the public schools but such things as will square with a literal interpretation of Genesis, then this democracy faces the frank proposal to make Fundamentalism the State religion of such of the Republic's component member States as may desire to establish such sectarian dogma. That way points to bigotry, intellectual slavery and social chaos."

Similarly, the New York *World* argues that the real "issue is whether the State of Tennessee may consistently, with the American doctrine of separation of Church and State, establish the Bible of the Fundamentalists as the official standard of truth in its public schools." "If a State can decree that evolution shall not be taught in its schools and colleges," remarks the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "it can also decree that geology and astronomy or any other form of science shall not be taught." And, remarks the New Haven *Register*—

"If a religious principle can be barred why not a political one? If the Darwinian or any other theory can be prohibited, why not the principle of private ownership of property? That is the deep, underlying danger of such legislation as the law under which Mr. Scopes was indicted. Whether that principle is right or wrong is not of the slightest moment; it is whether the State has the right to say it is right or wrong and to force its teachers to so teach—that is the great danger that may arise from that sort of thing.

"Because the principle involved in this trial is religious is merely a happening. In the future the other thing—the political principle—is as sure to come up as the sun is at daybreak, and that must be guarded against with all the strength that can be mustered."

And yet, asks the Baltimore *American*, how are the citizens and taxpayers of the country to prevent the overthrow of the religious belief of school children?—"How shall the multitudes of children in our public schools be assured of adequate education in those things of the spirit without which their later years will be an aimless desert of crass materialism?"

If the constitutionality of the Tennessee anti-evolution law is finally upheld, then, says the Omaha *World-Herald*, "the case goes on its merits to the American people, who are the court of last resort":

"Tennessee may repeal its anti-evolution law, as a poor one, however constitutional. Or the people of the other States may enact similar laws, if they so elect, driving evolution and so much of science as they deem necessary out of the public schools everywhere, and setting up the Bible as the basic textbook for scientific instruction.

"If that comes finally to be the issue, we might be in for some hot and very unpleasant times in these United States. Religion will have been made a political issue—and religion as a political issue is loaded with high explosives capable of wrecking great nations, enlightened civilizations, and human security and happiness.

"Dependence can be placed, however, on the sound judgment of the American people and their devotion to freedom of thought, of education and of religion, to keep that issue from blowing up the Republic."

Mr. Bryan has denied statements attributed to him to the effect that he would try to put through an anti-evolution amendment to the United States Constitution. He was, however, quoted as saying that he would "carry the case to the people," and the Providence *News* testifies to the "apparent unanimity among correspondents at Dayton as to Mr. Bryan's overt or

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covert determination to inject the religious question in one form or another into politics." According to a statement given by the Commoner to the United Press, drives for anti-evolution laws will be started in at least seven States as soon as their legislatures convene. A day or two after the close of the trial at Dayton an injunction was petitioned for in Washington, D. C., to stop the payment of teachers teaching "disrespect to the Holy Bible" by giving instruction in evolution. And two Representatives are said to be willing to sponsor a Federal anti-evolution bill in the next session of Congress.

The most sinister by-product of the Dayton trial, says the New York *Evening World*, "is the threatened injection of a religious issue into politics"; while it would be eventually rebuked, it would in the meanwhile "convert the country into a jungle with all the wild beasts of religious intolerance bellowing and tearing at one another." Bryan's speeches at Dayton, in the opinion of the Springfield *Republican*, "disclosed the purpose of his sympathizers to use the power of Government as a fortified line bristling with the terrorism of the criminal courts and the threat of criminal penalties in support of Fundamentalism, the religious creed they embrace." As the New Haven *Journal-Courier* puts it: "the battle is on for the further tightening of the noose about the necks of the American people by organized groups acting under supreme emotion." For Dayton, says the Pittsburgh *Sun*, "is not an isolated instance, but is a significant incident in a nation-wide uprising of militant bigotry and intolerance, that in the name of religious and racial fanaticism has attempted, first in one State and then in another, to establish a majority goose-step in public education." Mr. Bryan and his supporters, insists the Chicago *Tribune*, "intend that their opinions shall get into the law of the country." And so, we are told, the importance of the Dayton trial "is in high-lighting for the people everywhere in the country this obvious effort of zealots who can gain the respect and confidence of well-meaning people to clamp custom and opinion down on the nation by constitutional amendment and by statute." The trial, agrees Joseph Wood Krutch, who covered it for *The Nation*, has shown conclusively that the danger "of laws that will reduce the United States to a bondage more complete than that of the darkest Puritan village of colonial New England, is no fantastic danger but one real and present; and it has shown also that the only possible way in which that danger can be fought is with a bitterness and vigor equal to that of those who provoke it":

"The mob is up; it has tasted blood and smelled smoke. Fair words are useless, for with every concession it grows in strength and determination; and it will not do to rest quietly behind the Constitution, for the Constitution is not an impregnable wall."

But Mr. Bryan's denial that he has ever advocated "putting God into the Constitution or teaching the Bible in the public schools" is taken up by the Knoxville *Sentinel* in an editorial denouncing the New York *World* for using the false report to stir up agitation over the possibility of religious issues being introduced into our national politics—"If *The World* dreads a religious war, it should be chary of egging it on."

One effect of the Dayton trial which is emphasized by a number of press writers is the taking of evolution out of the laboratory and classroom and flinging it into the arena of nation-wide discussion and controversy. The widely advertised effort to prevent the study of evolution by statute, says the Charleston *Gazette*, "has aroused the ever-present stubbornness in human nature, and many are investigating it who never thought of doing so before. As well try to enjoin the human mind from thinking about the subject as to attempt to squelch evolution by the process of statute." In Tennessee, according to the Toledo *Blade*, the new legislation is causing students to study evolution without the help or suggestion of instructors. The Ohio daily suggests that "if a school burns or prohibits the works of Darwin, Huxley and Spencer, the works will be smuggled in. We are beholding the beginning of 'bootlegged evolution.'" The Boston *Post* is one of several papers calling attention to the stimulus which the Scopes trial has given to the reading of scientific works, and the Springfield *Republican* thinks "it will be strange if the Tennessee trial, which has enlisted so many eminent witnesses for evolution, should not make many scientists more fully aware of the need of popularizing science."

THE BIG WORRY

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

While the Oshkosh *Northwestern* thinks "some harm may come through causing confusion in the minds of those who possess weak and vacillating faith," a number of papers assert that one result of the Dayton trial will be a renewed interest in the Bible and religion. Besides stimulating the reading of the Bible and the study of science, the Tennessee trial, so the Boston *Post* predicts, "will deepen religious fervor and strengthen religious faith among the great mass of the people." Out of all the noise and confusion of Dayton there will come, the St. Louis *Star* is confident, "less ignorance, more respect for science and scientific men, less dependence upon man-made creeds and laws of all sorts for real progress and salvation—a really better understanding of the Great Master, Christ, His teachings, His spirit, His power."

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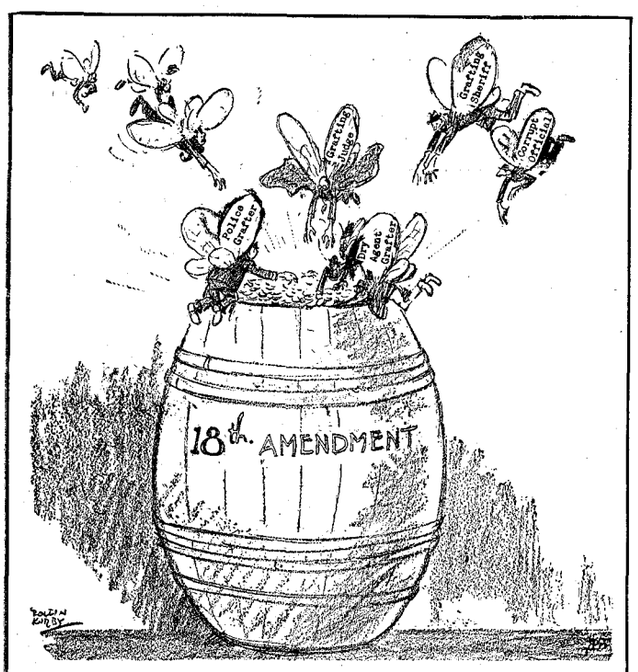
FIRING ALL THE VOLSTEAD AGENTS

NATION-WIDE CORRUPTION among Prohibition agents is revealed in newspaper versions of reports from forty Federal district attorneys to Gen. Lincoln C. Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of the Prohibition Unit, and we read that "an order terminating the



LIKE FLIES AROUND A SUGAR-BARREL
—Kirby in the New York *World*.

services of all Prohibition agents" is to go into effect September 15. According to press accounts, "release of the agents is understood to be designed to give the new administrators a free hand" and an opportunity to "decide which agents they desire to reappoint, if any." As we are told, the Federal District Attorneys asserted that to their knowledge corruption prevails in at least 40 per cent. of their districts. All this, thinks the New York *Times*, "simply justifies the predictions that were made when the Volstead Act became law. To get that bill through Congress, the Anti-Saloon League consented with its eyes open to have political spoils made of Prohibition enforcement." As the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* reminds us,

"When Prohibition went into effect, enforcement fell into hands of men who hang around court-houses—ex-policemen and deputy sheriffs. Most of the appointments were political, and many of the appointees, of course, were out of jobs. These men drew from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a month. Often the bootlegger was in position to pay from five hundred to one thousand."

Discussing the Government's object in "making public its finds about Prohibition enforcement corruption," the Boston *Globe* says:

"The Treasury Department will, no doubt, find the Federal District Attorneys' reports a handy bludgeon with which to extinguish some of the obstreperous. Meantime Washington is debating whether this is to be the last real attempt to enforce Prohibition in America."

These rumors of scandal "grate harshly," admits the Buffalo *Express*, which adds, however: "Scandal is a natural result when laws are enacted with so little regard to the principles of government," while the Chicago *Tribune* says:

"We knew that the people most devoted to Volsteadism are the rum-runners, beer-runners, bootleggers and law enforcers, who are getting more money out of Prohibition than they ever earned before or ever could earn otherwise. Citizens who drank before Prohibition do not haggle over the prices. They pay and there is enough money in the business to corrupt enforcers."

"For much of this corruption," observes the Kansas City *Journal-Post*, "the people themselves are responsible to the extent that so many are themselves arrayed against the law of the land"; for—

"The lack of sympathy with the Prohibition law provides the opportunity, in many instances, which is commercialized in official connivance with violation of the law. There are enough honest men in the country to enforce the law honestly and fearlessly. The problem is to replace with them the crooked agents who are false to their trust."

As the Raleigh (N. C.) *News and Observer* believes, "it is not remarkable that some of the army of Federal Prohibition agents should be corrupted. The remarkable thing is that more of them are not. If no bribes were offered, there would be none accepted." In the judgment of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "with the official cleansing approximated it will be easier than it is now to form a clear idea as to the enforceability of Prohibition," and the *Ohio State Journal* tells us:

"If General Andrews is as wise and courageous as he seems to be, he will permit the practical politicians and the professional reformers to rage, and will go quietly ahead in his own way and make his effort to find honest and capable men for the work in hand and to give the possibility of enforcing the law as it stands its first real test."

Nowhere in the press do we find any indication of surprize at the corruption revealed, and the Kansas City *Star* declares, "There will be a general feeling that the twenty-three district attorneys who failed to report corruption must be blind to what

AS NEAR-SIGHTED AS EVER
—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

is going on around them." Moreover, the Birmingham (Ala.) *Age-Herald* says:

"Recent Federal conviction of law officers in Alabama had prepared the people of this State for further proof that law officers are not all in earnest."

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In "Prohibition Inside Out," Maj. Roy A. Haynes, Prohibition Commissioner, remarks: "Few men in any line or calling are subjected to the temptations which beset the Prohibition enforcement agent at almost every turn." As he tells us,

"The powers of evil arrayed against him exhaust human ingenuity in building traps and pitfalls to check his progress,

THE NEW VERSION
—Sykes in the New York *Evening Post.*

corrupt him, and discredit him in the eyes of the courts and the public. Millions of dollars added to other millions are strewn carelessly across the pathway of those engaged in law enforcement. All or anything that human fancy can devise or desire is offered unhesitatingly. The reverberating chorus of corrupt dollars sounds day and night in the ears of all classes of employees of the enforcement unit, from the highest officials down to the humblest clerk.

"The largest bribe of which there is a record in the enforcement unit was a weekly retainer aggregating in the maximum $300,000, offered a Prohibition agent by a group of brewers who had conspired to resume the manufacture of pre-war beer on a mammoth scale, and flood the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, New York, and New Jersey with their product. These brewers sought to buy not the active approval of the Prohibition agent, but merely his promise to 'look the other way' while they proceeded with their illegal scheme."

It is apparent that only two years ago, when "Prohibition Inside Out" was written, Major Haynes had a high opinion of his men. Corruption was exceedingly rare, he believed, and further on in the book we are told:

"As the result of temptation in scores of forms and unceasingly offered, forty-three employees of the Prohibition Unit have been adjudged guilty by courts since the beginning of this Administration. Even so, the force was 99 per cent. honest. At the maximum there have been practically 4,000 employees. Those who have yielded constitute 1 per cent. of those to whom the corruptionist has stood ready to offer anything for doing his bidding. I am thinking of the other 3,957 who kept the faith.

"Of the forty-three, twenty-three were found guilty of offenses involving corruption—accepting bribes, extorting money from bootleggers, failing to carry out court orders for destruction of liquor, having liquor in their possession, and the like. Their punishment was usually severe, involving large fines and penitentiary sentences, some of them as long as seven years. Eight were guilty of drunkenness and minor offenses to which drunkenness led. One in the performance of duty committed murder. One swore to a false expense account. One tried to influence a grand jury. One committed a theft. The eight others were small police-court cases. Of real corruption, therefore, the ratio stands at about one-half of 1 per cent."

DEARTH OF DRINK NOT DRIVING US TO DRUGS

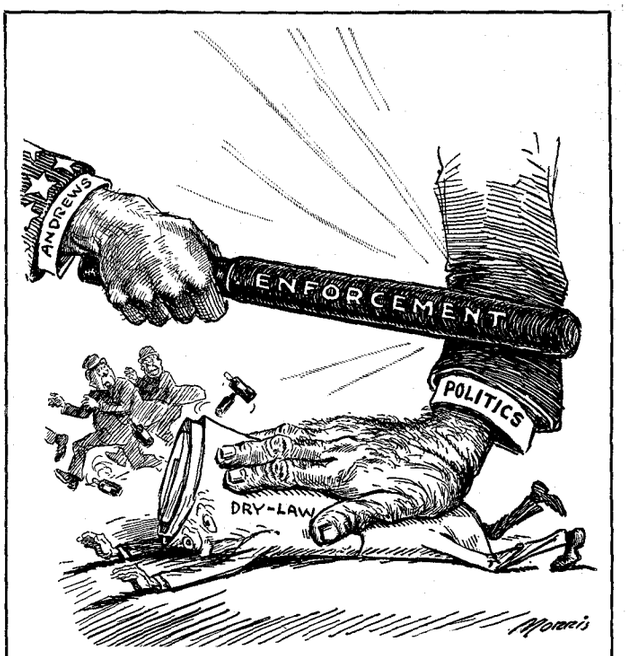
WET PROPAGANDA, SO CALLED, has repeatedly emphasized the "enormous increase in drug addiction since the Eighteenth Amendment." To be sure, the *World's Work's* Prohibition investigator quotes a writer on medical subjects as denying that between addiction to narcotics and addiction to alcohol there is any relation, and quotes a penitentiary warden to the same effect. He tells us that a United States marshal said to him: "Why should a dipsomaniac take to drugs when whisky is so easy to obtain and narcotics so difficult?" But belief in a "tremendous wave of drug addiction" has persisted until of late, when the Foreign Policy Association undertook a nation-wide survey. As the Springfield *Republican* remarks, the result—

"Shows convincingly that it has not increased its ravages in recent years; on the contrary the weight of evidence is that the number of addicts is decreasing. Figures furnished by the latest report of the Federal Public Health Service give the maximum of possible addicts in the United States as 150,000, but the actual number is estimated to be about 110,000. A steady decrease since the year 1900 is claimed by the Federal officials and is supported by the Foreign Policy Association's inquiry."

Meanwhile the New York *Times* observes that "there seems to be unanimity of opinion among the competent that Prohibition has had no effect whatsoever on the use of narcotics in the United States." The editor continues:

"Dr. Alexander Lambert's statistics concerning the effect of Prohibition as reflected in the Bellevue Hospital are of special interest and significance. Before Prohibition there were, he says, 15,000 alcoholics a year in that institution. Last year there were but a few more than one-third of that number. And while formerly two or three per cent. were drug addicts, last year the percentage was no greater."

According to the Boston *Post*, Superintendent Crowley, of the Boston Police Department, declares that it "has not found a



CAN HE MOVE THE HAND OF POLITICS?
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

single case where the drug user had turned to drugs as a substitute for alcohol," and remarks:

"The Chicago police department makes the same report, and Chief Collins declares that the use of drugs is not on the increase.

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"Reports from penal institutions and from health departments all over the country tell the same story. Not one authority upheld the view that Prohibition was driving people to the drug habit.

"This striking and unanimous testimony ought to put an end to one argument against the much-abused Volstead Law."

The Foreign Policy Association's report, widely issued to the press and widely noted, includes the statement:

"In explanation of the fact that few alcoholics voluntarily turn to drugs, medical authorities point out that the effect of opium on the human system differs fundamentally from that of alcohol. Whereas opium and its derivatives act as a sedative, alcohol serves to stimulate the nerve centers. It should be pointed out, however, that opiates may be administered in the treatment of extreme cases of alcoholic poisoning. Unless proper care is exercised, such medication may lead to drug addiction. Both the Federal Narcotic Division, in charge of enforcement of the Harrison Narcotic Act, and the United States Public Health Service declare that there is no evidence to substantiate the claim that Prohibition has increased drug addiction. According to the results of the latest government surveys drug addiction has decreased during recent years. Surg.-Gen. Hugh S. Cumming adds that '. . . all the reliable information we have been able to gather indicates that the number is still decreasing.'"

In addition to the authorities already quoted, the Association quotes a number of officials whose conclusions are as impressive. For example, Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, Surgeon-General, Public Health Service, Washington, District of Columbia, writes:

"The number of addicts in the United States at the present time is much less than some years ago and all the reliable evidence we have been able to gather indicates that the number is still decreasing. This would not be true if Prohibition were causing great numbers of people to change from alcohol to narcotics."

Also from Washington comes a statement by L. G. Nutt, Chief of the Bureau of Internal Revenue's Narcotic Division, who declares that—

"No case has come to the attention of this office where the liquor habituate has turned to narcotic addiction because of the Prohibition Law. Furthermore, a survey made by this office of addiction confirmed the results arrived at by the United States Public Health Service and published in bulletin issued by that service, May 23, 1924, which showed a decrease in addiction."

In Detroit, James Sprott, Deputy Superintendent of Police, finds that Prohibition "has not increased the use of narcotics in any material way." In San Francisco, D. J. O'Brien, Chief of Police, denies that "the question of Prohibition enters into the question of drug addiction." Moreover, Amos W. Squire, Prison Physician at Sing Sing, discovers no connection between drug addiction and the Volstead Law, and declares:

"The major portion of the drug addicts admitted to Sing Sing prison give a history of not having been addicted to liquor. As a matter of fact, from the histories taken we find about 60 per cent. of our total admissions are abstainers and 40 per cent. are not abstainers."

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"A FIGHTING IRISHMAN"

Is the Mobile *Register's* characterization of Col. Charles Sweeney, of the State of Washington, who will command a group of fifteen American aviators on the Moroccan front. They will receive one franc a day, wear the French colonial uniform, and serve under the Sultan of Morocco.

FRANCE'S HORNETS' NEST

FRANCE HAS THE BEAR BY THE TAIL, in Morocco, "and dassent let go," is the Camden *Courier's* explanation of the long-drawn-out struggle in Northern Africa. That the Riff rumpus has developed into a real war—that a comparatively minor revolt has blossomed into a near-revolution—is indicated by dispatches from Fez and other Moroccan centers. "The French are meeting with no greater success than the Spanish in their war on the Riffs," observes the Springfield *Union*, and the offer of autonomy to the Moroccans by Spain and France is interpreted by the Louisville *Post* to mean that the Riffs actually have the upper hand. The war is costing France millions of francs a day, we are told, and up to July 17 the total French casualties were given in a Fez dispatch to the Paris *Petit Journal* as 4,148, of whom 707 were killed, 2,775 wounded, and 666 missing. The latter, it is said, may almost certainly be considered dead.

To add to France's troubles, German aviators and German staff officers are declared to be serving with the Riffs, and the Russian Soviet is said to have a finger in the Moroccan trouble. But Marshal Petain, of France, arrived about the middle of the month at the Moroccan front and assumed full charge. With five French Generals and 150,000 French and colonial troops arrayed against Abd-el-Krim, the rebel war-lord; with air-planes dropping gas and other bombs on the enemy; with machine-guns, "75's," sausage balloons for observation, tanks, and, in fact, all the paraphernalia of war, it is predicted in some dispatches that the Riff leader will be compelled to sue for peace within six weeks. "Within three months the campaigning season will be over," remarks the London *Times* correspondent at the front, "and it would be a damaging blow to French prestige if the Moroccan leader were left in occupation of the belt of the French zone which he has invaded."

The type of warfare in Morocco, say correspondents, is similar to that which the American colonists learned in fighting the Indian. Scattered detachments strike unexpectedly, then vanish quickly into the mountain fastnesses. Meanwhile, Abd-el-Krim's men lose no opportunity to foment discontent among the tribes supposedly loyal to the French. Occasionally they take hostages and line them up against a wall, says a New York *Times* correspondent, to show the loyal tribes that it is safer to follow Abd-el-Krim than to fight him. "With his well-equipped, absolutely fearless troops, the Riff leader is able to harass his enemy as a swordfish harasses a whale," writes Foster Dulles, in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. In an illuminating dispatch to the Chicago *Daily News*, Paul Scott Mowrer outlines the reasons for the present outbreak, the situation as it exists, and one of the reasons why the Riffian war lasts. Says this experienced correspondent:

"Morocco is not, and has never been, a nation. It is a geographical region, inhabited by a number of more or less autonomous tribes. A Moor does not think of himself as a Moor, but as a member of this or that tribe. The word 'Morocco' does not

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awaken any more sentiment in his breast than does the word 'Europe' in the breast of an Italian. The Moor's feeling of allegiance, of loyalty, is not, generally speaking, toward his country, but toward his family and his tribe, and after that, perhaps, but very vaguely, toward his Sultan.

"Each tribe has its well-defined lands on which its crops are grown, its flocks are pastured, its tents or villages are situated. The tribes have been accustomed from time immemorial to make war among themselves. Every man is a warrior and is expected to bear arms in all offensive or defensive operations. The aim of these tribal wars is generally plunder.

"The Koran recognizes that there shall rule over Islam a religious and temporal chieftain, a commander of the faithful—Cherif, Emir, Sultan. But the Moors never recognized the Turkish Caliphate. They have always had their own independent dynasty. All the tribes have usually acknowledged the Sultan of Morocco as their rightful religious head, but very few have ever acknowledged his temporal authority without being obliged to do so by force of arms.

"The coming of the French to Morocco has wrought in the brief space of fourteen years admirable material transformations, but it has effected very little change in the fundamental mentality of the people. What this mentality has been, so it remains. The French, indeed, have had the political wisdom to seek rather to adapt themselves to it than to reform it. They deposed the Sultan, Moulay Abd-el-Hafid, who had opposed them, and paid him 400,000 francs and an annual pension of 352,000 francs to name as his successor his brother, Moulay Youssef.

"Moulay Youssef is still Sultan of Morocco. Everything the French do, they do in his name, for Morocco is a protectorate and France is merely the protecting power. Nominally it is Moulay Youssef who issues decrees and appoints all tribal caids (chiefs) and other officials. Practically, however, the Sultan does nothing except at the suggestion of his French advisers.

"Coming to the war in the Riff, its meaning will now perhaps emerge more distinctly. Abd-el-Krim is a rebel against the Sultan Moulay Youssef, whose religious authority extends over both French and Spanish zones, and whose temporal authority, thanks to the French, extends over nearly all the French zone.

"Abd-el-Krim is not a 'Moroccan patriot.' Such a thing never existed. Wherever his war parties have advanced, tribes that resisted them have been decimated, looted, terrorized, forced to submission and made to fight the French. His strength indeed lies in his past and present successes. His weakness lies wholly in the circumstance that these successes are still incomplete. If all the tribes were convinced of his ultimate victory, they would go over to him at once to a man. So long as there is doubt as to the issue, they hesitate, for as prudent realists, their chief concern is not race or religion, but victory. Fundamentally, they want only one thing—to be on the winning side.

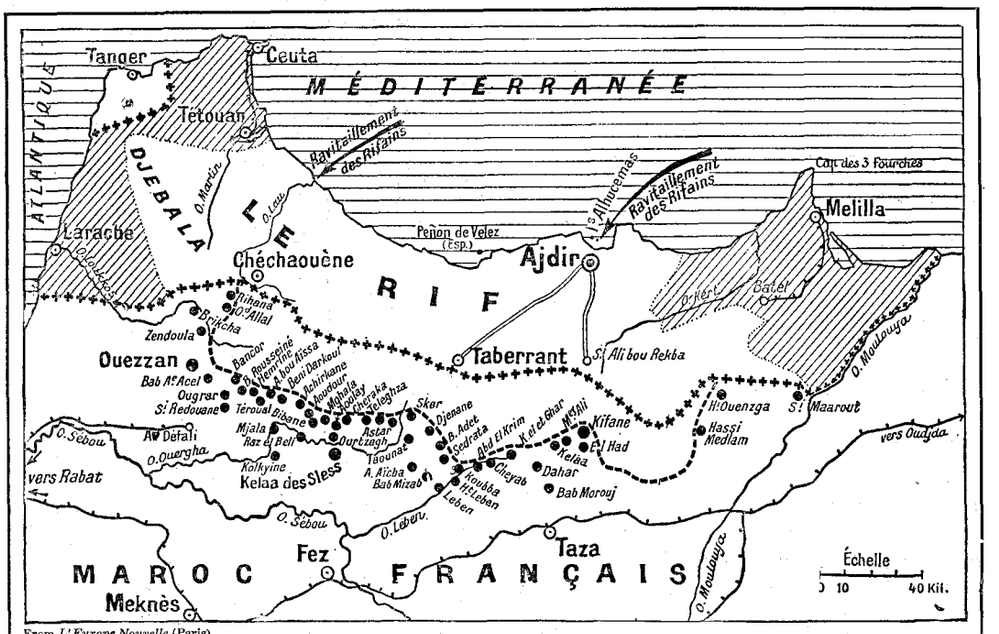
"More than one tribe that has gone over to the Riffians reasoned the thing out in this way:

"'If we go with the French and the Riffians invade us, the punishment will be terrible. But if we go with the Riffians and the French invade us, they will do little or nothing.' Being in doubt as to the final outcome, it seemed to them more prudent to go over to the Riffians.

"Just here is the real danger confronting the French. If they merely stay where they are, the tribes just back of their front, exposed continually to Riffian raids and propaganda, may decide at any moment to go over to Abd-el-Krim. If the French thus lose several more tribes, and have to retreat, the psychological effect upon still other tribes may be disastrous."

Still another difficulty, it is pointed out, is that Abd-el-Krim's headquarters can not be bombed by French air-planes because it is situated on the frontier which exists between the French and Spanish protectorates. So far, we are told, the Riffs, by retiring behind this frontier, that is, withdrawing from French to Spanish territory, have been safe from pursuit. As Frank H. Simonds writes in a New York *Herald Tribune* article:

"This Spanish zone suggests vaguely a section of Chile, narrowly restricted between the Andes and the Pacific. It has an area of some 8,000 square miles, about that of Massachusetts, and a population of much less than 1,000,000. The people belong to the great Berber race, which has lived in North Africa since the beginning of recorded history, and survived many invasions, of which the Roman is the first recorded.



From *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris)

WHERE FRANCE DEFENDS FEZ

This map is reprinted from our issue of June 20, in order to explain the more recent phases of the campaign. The round spots are French outposts; the crosses, boundaries; the dashes, the battle lines; the line with uprights, the railroad; and the territory marked with diagonals, the Spanish zone.

"The Riffian Berbers are mountaineers, inhabiting villages on the summit of the peaks; they have been and are pirates in a small way on the coast, and they have for centuries opposed a successful resistance both to the Spanish and the Sheriffs of Morocco.

"Unfortunately for themselves, the French, while spending great effort in the west and south, creating roads and military railways and establishing strong posts, have neglected the northern area. This is due to the fact that they obviously expected no attack from a friendly Spain, while they calculated that the Spanish operations would keep the Riffians busy, and thus abolish all danger to themselves, since Abd-el-Krim, the Riff leader, would hardly care to have hostile French in his rear while fighting the Spanish on his front.

"France, therefore, did nothing in the way of preparation, keeping a few scattered garrisons, which in the aggregate did not much exceed a thousand men, on the whole stretch of frontier. Thus it came about when the Spanish abruptly decided to retire to the coast and abandon their own efforts to conquer Abd-el-Krim, the French suddenly saw themselves facing a critical situation. While the French have now concentrated perhaps 100,000 troops, even this force is inadequate to maintain a solid front in the mountains and over 150 miles from Wezzan to Taza, and it is physically impossible to prevent native groups from slipping through the cordon.

"The capture of Fez, Wezzan or Taza remains unlikely, but by no means impossible, altho the captors would certainly be driven out promptly when the French concentration had been made; but, on the other hand, the French have no chance of achieving a decision as long as the Riffs can find sanctuary within the Spanish border, and for the present little can be accomplished because of the heat. Ultimately the French will have to go

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and get Abd-el-Krim, frontier or no frontier. Meantime their situation in Morocco will become more and more difficult."

Since the above was written, however, the Franco-Spanish Conference at Madrid has drawn up protocols delimiting the Moroccan frontier and the two protectorate zones, and this cooperation between the French and Spanish is expected to compel Abd-el-Krim to ask for terms. For, points out the Utica *Press*, "this arrangement will permit the French to enter the Spanish zone in the conduct of their offensive."

Meanwhile, as the seriousness of the situation becomes apparent to the French people the unpopularity of the war increases, observes the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. Up to July 9 $19,000,000 had been appropriated for the maintenance of troops in Morocco. And when Frenchmen appropriate money, the situation is serious, we are reminded by the San Francisco *Bulletin*. According to this paper:

"Many people have wondered why the French want an empire in Morocco. It is a poor and unpromising country, and while French administration has been of a model kind, there have been no commensurate financial profits. The question is no longer one of profit, however, but whether France can hold on or let go, and just how she is going to do either."

THE END OF AN IMPERFECT DAY IN OIL

THE BIG POINT in the establishment of an eight-hour day in its oil-fields by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, thinks *The Wall Street News*, "is the changing spirit which it represents, rather than the relief afforded a large body of drillers and other workmen." It is in keeping with the times, observe other editors, for, remarks the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "the trend of industry in America is toward a shorter day; perhaps toward a five-day week." For sixty-six years, or ever since the first oil-well was drilled in this country, the twelve-hour day has been in effect throughout the industry. Then, on July 15, the New Jersey corporation, the largest factor in the petroleum industry, announced that the eight-hour day would, except in a few instances, be the working standard in its oil-fields. Some 1,400 men are affected by the change, and as the work runs through twenty-four hours each day, the company will hire nearly 500 extra men to make up the extra shift. And all this is being done voluntarily, when there isn't even the threat of a strike on the horizon, observes the New York *Evening World*.

Will the Standard Oil's action point the way for other oil companies, and make the eight-hour day uniform in the oil industry, as it is in the steel industry and others? "The history of the eight-hour day," points out the New York *American*, "shows that industrial organizations develop high efficiency on that basis, that employees do better work, and that friction is substantially decreased." In the opinion of the New York *Herald Tribune*:

"The example of the steel industry has been potent. The United States Steel Corporation weighed the eight-hour reform long and earnestly before introducing it in its plants. It has worked well. Neither the manufacturers nor the workers in steel, if reports from many fields are trustworthy, would return to the former system."

The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is said to be controlled by the Rockefeller interests, and while officials of the company, in announcing the recent change, say John D. Rockefeller made no formal suggestion that the shorter work-day be established, the Brooklyn *Citizen* declares that—

"Workers in the oil-fields owe this great boon to Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., who has been strongly opposed for some time to the twelve-hour day for any of the industries with which he is connected. Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., is one of those rare persons who practises what he preaches. He regards himself as a trustee of the wealth acquired by his father and turned over to him during the latter's lifetime."

To the Newark *News* "it is significant that the change is made, as are all such moves in Standard Oil practise, by agreement of the joint councils in which the workers have an equal voice and vote." The new schedules, we are told, received unanimous support from workers' delegates and executives. "Thus are the younger Rockefeller's advanced views on labor relations once more applied," remarks the Newark paper, which adds:

"It was back in 1916, after the Colorado Fuel and Iron strike shocked the country with its harsh suppression, that Rockefeller began to develop and apply the principle which he has exprest as the industrial partnership of fair play.

"The elements of the plan based on the principle are now pretty well known in New Jersey, where they were put into practise in 1918. In essence, they are an equal voice in the regulation of labor relations and the handling of grievances, but they have come to include many other things, such as disability and sick benefits and group life insurance; pension systems, medical and nursing attendance provided by the employer, and annual vacations with pay for all employees. Rather extensive paternalism, in short.

"The change to the eight-hour day in the mid-continent oil-fields extends that boon to the workers in the first stage of oil-production, it having been enjoyed by those in the refineries for some years. Similar in this respect to the great shift of the steel industry to the eight-hour day, it means increased operating costs, reckoned in this instance at $10 per day for each well driven. Exceptions are made in the case of men employed in isolated camps, on the ground that these would rather work longer than loaf more, where means of relaxation are lacking.

"Hard coal followed steel only two years ago in emancipating the last of its few thousand men—the pump men—from twelve-hour days. It is difficult to believe that the few isolated instances of its persistence will long remain, aside from farming, which makes up for the burden in its long winter vacation. Aside from agriculture's intensive harvesting season, and perhaps a few mills in more backward industries, the elimination of the twelve-hour day in oil-fields would practically banish the long day in American employment. It remains to be seen how quickly other drilling companies follow the lead of the Standard, and likewise what the effect may be upon oil prices."

At least two newspapers, the Hartford *Courant* and the New York *Journal of Commerce*, appear to be quite pessimistic about the effect of the new work-day upon other oil companies and future oil prices. "The fly that hovers about the ointment—or the oil"—notes the Connecticut paper, "is the realization that a man will receive less money per week than he did under the twelve-hour schedule, despite the substantial rise in pay per hour." Leaving, for the moment, both company and employees out of consideration, *The Journal of Commerce* also reminds us that the change from the twelve-hour day perhaps involves "a pecuniary sacrifice for the consuming public." According to this business daily:

"In the past there has been a very general easy assumption that modern industrial nations could cut down working hours indefinitely without diminishing productive output to any very great extent. This superficial theory has been rudely shattered by post-war experiments with the eight-hour day. Granted that a twelve-hour day is unreasonably long and should, if possible, be shortened, it by no means follows that a universal eight-hour day is the necessary alternative. Europe at the present moment is still suffering from the baleful effects of an overdose of eight-hour laws and decress. Wage rates have been advancing, while working hours have been falling, and as a consequence the limited economic resources of many countries have become still further restricted. The result has been an extraordinary scarcity of produced goods which has been instrumental, along with currency inflation—which high wage costs in turn have helped to create—to bring about abnormally high price-levels.

"Europe, then, can be said to have learned its lesson—that is, that eight hours for work is a luxury which only rich nations can enjoy to any great extent. In the United States there exists an economic surplus out of which many industries now support and more could defray the costs of shortening the working day. But no one should harbor the delusion that the cost is non-existent. The employers, the workers, the public at large, or possibly all three groups, pay for the eight-hour day."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

IF we could drink labels, none of us would die.—*Birmingham News.*

HAS anybody dared to teach the Einstein theory down in Tennessee?—*Boston Globe.*

THE air-plane really runs over more people than the automobile.—*Los Angeles Times.*

IT begins to look as tho the next Democratic ticket would be Bill Bryan and Bill Sunday.—*Washington Post.*

PEDESTRIAN once meant one who walks. Now it means one who runs and jumps.—*Kansas Farmer.*

OUR favorite screens are those with the flies on the outside of them.—*Los Angeles Times.*

NEARLY all hotels, and a good many bellboys, are better off as a result of Prohibition.—*Louisville Times.*

ENGLAND hasn't Prohibition to cause scandals, but then America hasn't any nobility.—*New York Evening World.*

MR. BRYAN acts a great deal as if he were reflecting that, after all, he'll be only sixty-nine years old in 1929.—*Ohio State Journal.*

JUDGED by its periodic rattles and shakeups, we submit that the Prohibition enforcement unit continues to flivver.—*Columbia Record.*

INTERVIEWED, a pupil in Dayton said he hopes school doesn't reopen until they get the matter definitely settled.—*Detroit News.*

THE public's version: We care not who makes the country's laws, so long as we don't have to obey them.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

"YOU ARE GOING TO MEET AN AFFINITY WITH A VERY ATTRACTIVE FIGURE"

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

IN connection with this Florida-California debate, it must be conceded Florida has no earthquakes unless one steps on an alligator.—*Detroit News.*

MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE says that "all the people who have done great things in this life have been alone." Especially on a golf-course.—*Punch.*

WELL, the wheat crop is a failure. We have read from several sources that the weather is too hot, too cold, too wet and too dry.—*American Lumberman.*

THE front-page position Bill is getting must be awfully peeving to other Miami realtors who are paying good money for the inside pages.—*Columbia Record.*

THE Chinese are incorrigible. Having got a regular Republican form of government, they seem to thnk they are entitled to some sort of voice in it.—*Life.*

MR. BRYAN, it is said, wants to go to the Senate. He evidently doesn't believe there is any danger of the enactment of a cloture rule.—*Southern Lumberman.*

DISTRICT ATTORNEY BUCKNER'S advice, "Vote as you drink," is wrong. If our virtuous politicians did that, they would all be hung for plural voting.—*Columbia Record.*

THE people of Dayton, Tennessee, do not agree that man was descended from an anthropoid ape. Perhaps they think there isn't enough difference to call it a descent yet.—*Punch.*

EDUCATION pays, unless you settle down to be an educator.—*Los Angeles Times.*

GO-GETTER: A man who runs out of gas two miles from a station.—*Trinidad Picketwire.*

GERMANY should have tried the Riffians' plan of licking the nations one at a time.—*Vancouver Sun.*

THE first thing we know those Riffians will be barbarous enough to use poison gas.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

LET's see, what lower order of animals is there in which the female deserts its young?—*Toronto Star.*

THE trouble with conservation in America is that it is as yet mostly conversation.—*Louisville Times.*

WE think of many things to say that we have sense enough not to and some that we haven't.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Is it too late to insert something in this so-called Pact that will deal with these French people at Wimbledon?—*Punch.*

THE hard part is to get true religion into the Oriental's heart while keeping hands in his pockets.—*Woodstock Sentinel-Review.*

ONE reason why other ships can't pay sailors $100 a month is because they don't handle Henry's freight.—*Windsor Border-Cities Star.*

LITTLE is now left to doubt. That Italian predicts the earthquakes and THE LITERARY DIGEST predicts the landslides.—*Greeley Tribune-Republican.*

As a final desperate expedient, perhaps Washington could get THE DIGEST to poll France on the debt question.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

THE old-fashioned expression, "a man of parts," applies rather neatly to Henry Ford.—*Los Angeles Times.*

SHANGHAI lawlessness didn't last long enough to give that city the right to refer to itself as the Chinese Chicago.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A RUSSIAN writer declares that Germany would like another war with us. But they haven't paid for the last one yet.—*Punch.*

THE city of Chicago is seeking a separation from the State of Illinois. It is not known who will have custody of the crime wave.—*Life.*

THEY are talking of running Will Rogers for Governor of Oklahoma. Give Will enough rope and he could run anything.—*Davenport Democrat.*

BILL BRYAN lauds the jury system with all the fervor of a man who understands that the jurors are the qualified voters of the Republic.—*Columbia Record.*

A DENVER church has made a saint of William Jennings Bryan. It will take more than that, believes *The Oklahoman*, to restore Democratic harmony.—*Wichita Eagle.*

ADMIRAL-GENERAL ANDREWS, who fancied he could take the Prohibition enforcement business out of politics, overlooked that the Anti-Saloon League hails from Ohio.—*Columbia Record.*

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FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE COMMUNIST DRIVE ON LATIN AMERICA

A SKEPTICAL ATTITUDE on the possibility of Moscow influence ever becoming active in Latin-American countries is said to have been maintained till recently, when various journals uncovered alarming activities of Communist agents and agitators in this region so remote from Russia. A close inquiry into the origin of serious disturbances reported simultaneously in Chile, Ecuador and Mexico, we are told, reveals their direct connection with the Moscow Third International. We read of upheavals in the northern provinces of Chile, where huge organized bodies of workers in the nitrate fields started a full-fledged Soviet, to the grave concern of the administration of President Alessandri, which is very busy bringing the country back to normal after the revolutionary disturbances of September, 1924.

THE SOWER OF TARES
—*The Sunday Chronicle* (Manchester).

According to the Latin-American press, Communist propaganda has until now made little progress in Chile and in South America as a whole, first, because of the lack of organization among the working classes; and secondly, because labor realized that conditions, on the whole, are far superior to those of the workers in Europe. We are further informed that political victories achieved by the Socialists in Chile, as well as in the Argentine and in Mexico, made the Communist outbreaks particularly unpopular with the people at large, who feel little can be gained by violent methods.

As to the disturbances in the Chile nitrate fields of the provinces of Tarapaca and Antofagasta, it appears that the Communists succeeded in subduing the government forces and establishing a Soviet, which ruled the zone for a few days. A state of siege was declared, we learn, and the Government rushed heavy reenforcements to the scene of trouble. After several pitched battles, in which there was considerable loss of life, order was reestablished. Thousands of pamphlets of Communistic literature are said to have been captured by the government troops as well as large stores of arms and ammunition. Among the dead, we are told, was one Garrido, known as "Commissary-General of the Soviets." About four hundred agitators were taken prisoners and brought to justice. Among the Chilean press, which show great concern, we find *El Mercurio*, of Santiago de Chile, saying:

"Order alone is not enough. Something else must be done. These grave symptoms must be thoroughly studied. We strongly doubt that this movement originated from the teachings of a few discontents. Other American nations of greater industrial development, and even our own southern zone, have been spared such spectacles.

"There seems to be a special purpose in upsetting peace in our richest zone. Forces stronger than simple anarchism are at work there. Undoubtedly, a thorough investigation will reveal the existence of foreign elements, sworn to sow ruin, misery and disorder for reasons entirely alien to social conditions."

While some Latin-American observers think the above remark might be taken as an indirect hint that Peru is secretly helping the outbreak, this newspaper, as well as *La Nacion*, of the same city, and *El Mercurio* of Valparaiso, are authorities for the statement that in the revolted towns were found close connections between the Chilean Soviet and the Third International leaders of Moscow. Another Chile newspaper, *Las Ultimas Noticias*, remarks:

"The plain people are not responsible for what has happened. This unprecedented abuse is the work of foreign agitators. They are poisoning the peaceful workers with their noxious doctrines, and preying upon their good faith and simplicity. If there be unjust conditions, as revealed by facts discovered among our workers, let them be remedied. Our people are entitled to such remedy. Let also the authorities put a stop to the criminal action of the apostles of Communism, who are the authors of inconceivable tragedies."

The Chilean press as a whole congratulated the Government on its dealings with the attempted setting up of a Soviet in the nitrate fields, and also because a few days before this attempt it forbade the landing of a Soviet warship engaged on a "peaceful mission" around South America. It appears that this same mission had attempted to secure recognition from the Argentine, but the Argentine Chamber, by a strong majority, rejected the proposal on the ground that it would be untimely. We learn further that the Chilean troubles occurred simultaneously with the menace of a great railway strike in Mexico, which was averted only by the firm stand of the Calles Administration. The railway workers, we are told, were notified that as they are government employees a state of siege would be proclaimed and they would be drafted or treated as deserters. Incidentally, it is related that in a general drive against foreign agitators in Mexico, more than two hundred propagandists and Communists were banished from the country. The Mexican labor leaders disapproved of the proposed strike—said to have been ordered by elements acting under direction of the Third International—and this is described as being due to the fact that Mexico's railway workers have received exceptionally favorable treatment in the general readjustment of government conditions.

Ecuador newspapers tell us of the Communist spread of propaganda in that country, where the police have been called

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upon to break up various meetings alleged as endangering the public peace. But somewhat skeptical of the timid ones is the Guatemala *Nuestro Diario*, which belittles the importance of Communism in Latin America and says that it is no longer a menace, altho it was one when the unwarranted hopes raised by the World War gave impetus to claims and dreams of social betterment. This newspaper believes that the reaction has set in, and in proof it cites the much greater strength of Socialism in various countries of the world. In its view "Communism is a menace today where militarism and dictatorship are enthroned. Communism is a scarecrow raised by the conservative elements to frighten society into accepting the establishment of strong governments."

According to a Moscow correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, the Russian Communist party, which maintains a dictatorship of Russia, has two hands. The right hand is the Soviet Government, he tells us, and the left hand is the Communist International, called the Comintern. The Comintern carries out its propaganda abroad by personal work and by printed booklets, we learn from this informant, who proceeds:

"In the Comintern plan of organization the world has been divided into three parts, as follows:

"1. The West, which includes all of Europe and is divided into four sections—Balkans, Scandinavia, Central Europe and Great Britain and the Latin countries.

"2. The East, which is divided into Asia No. 1, including Japan, Korea, China, Manchuria and Tibet, and Asia No. 2, including Central Asia and India. It also includes the Near East, which means Persia, Turkey, Egypt and Arabia.

"3. A special field, embracing the United States and all the British colonies and possessions.

"The Comintern concentrates all of its activity often on some field that seems particularly ripe for revolution, like Bulgaria, and such decisions are made by the three dictators of the Communist party, instead of by Zinovieff alone.

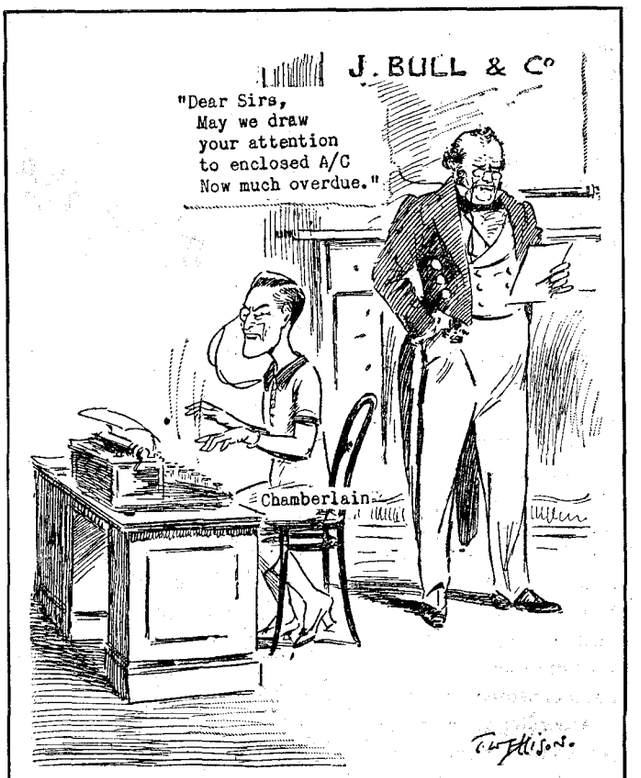
"The organization has to cooperate with the Soviet Government because the Red Army is to be used against Bessarabia or Bulgaria, if the Comintern can cause chaos in either country."

THE BOLSHEVIK AMUCK

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

JOHN BULL AS A COLLECTOR

UNCLE SAM'S EXAMPLE, in sending polite "please remit" notices to the various nations indebted to him, has been followed by John Bull, we are told, but in sending notes to the Governments of all the lands which have not arranged to discuss the terms of payment of the debts contracted with him during the war, it is noted by various English editors that John Bull does not mean to be impatient or urgent. As the London *Economist* puts it, one must not read into this action of the British Government any desire to exert pressure for immediate payments, and it is "glad to see that this is properly understood in Paris." Britain's action indicates merely a desire to place the debts on a regular footing, and *The Economist* adds that "to let the matter drift at a time when America has been taking certain steps is obviously undesirable." By way of information on what is owing to Britain, the London *New Statesman* relates:



"LEST THEY FORGET"

—*The Mail* (Birmingham).

"The total is about 2,000 million pounds, representing an annual charge of about 100 millions which at present falls upon the British taxpayer. Of this total, however, more than a third is due from Russia, and will probably have to be written off. But France, who is our second largest debtor, should be able, given time, to pay in full, and Mussolini's Italy may reasonably be expected to pay ten or fifteen shillings in the pound, on sufficiently easy terms. Roumania, Portugal and Greece should also be able to pay something. The prospective solvency of the Poles and Jugo-Slavs is more doubtful. Altogether, perhaps, we may hope eventually to recover something like 1,000 millions or a little more—which might mean a shilling off our income tax. It is satisfactory, at any rate, that the whole question should be placed on a business footing by this request for concrete propositions. Hitherto our debtors, from France downward, seem to have been relying upon the hope that if the question of settlement were postponed long enough, Great Britain would 'let them off.' The opposite, of course, is the truth. For with every month that passes we are forced to realize more and more clearly that we have been harder hit financially, by the war and its aftermath, than any other country in the world, and that we simply can not afford the generosity in which three or four years ago we were

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inclined to indulge. In 1925 there can be no thought of cancellation."

In this change of view, *The New Statesman* goes on to say, Britain has been chiefly influenced by the financial policy of France, which is described as enjoying a period of almost unexampled economic prosperity. Her falling credit, according to this weekly, is due, not to her poverty, but to her continued failure to balance her budget by means of adequate taxation, and we read:

"Meanwhile, of course, it is impossible for us to forget that France with all her 'poverty' has found herself able to advance large sums of money to her allies in the east of Europe. In the last two years she has lent over 400 million francs to Poland and 300 million francs to Jugo-Slavia. Last year also she offered 300 million francs to Czecho-Slovakia, but the offer was not accepted. Roumania refused a similar offer in 1923. All these loans were, of course, definitely designed and earmarked for expenditure on armaments. Meanwhile France has not offered to pay us a penny of what she owes. Obviously, the British taxpayer is morally in a very strong position in this matter, and we hope that Mr. Churchill will be firm enough to make the strength of that position clear."

"DOES MONEY-LENDING PAY?"
London Opinion.

As to France's side of the case, the Diplomatic Correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* advises us that the French Ambassador to Britain, Mr. de Fleuriau, called at the British Foreign Office in connection with the French Government's reply to the recent British reminder to Paris and other capitals about war debts. This distinguished informant goes on to say:

"The French reply, which is, of course, largely a matter of formality for the time being, is understood to recapitulate the circumstances by reason of which the expert conversations begun in London during May between the two Treasuries were inevitably interrupted over a considerable period. The French reply then proceeds to express willingness that the conversations should now be resumed, and intimates that the British statement that the principles of the Balfour Note still hold good to-day has been duly noted. This particular reference is possibly a response to the argument that so far, while Great Britain has received less than £20,000,000 in reparations from Germany, she has paid almost £90,000,000 in respect of her debt to the U. S. A. So that, if the Balfour Note be invoked, there is a big balance to be made up by Great Britain's allied debtors.

"On the French side it is argued that France is entitled to expect from her creditors a treatment at least as generous as that accorded to Germany, and that account should be taken of France's present financial difficulties and the all-transcending need of restoring her currency."

According to the London correspondent of the New York *Times*, sixty million pounds is the sum mentioned by Great Britain, and he adds:

"The reasoning by which the note arrives at £60,000,000 as the amount which Great Britain would receive gladly at present is also dependent on the American debt. The note informs France, Italy, Portugal, Serbia, Roumania and Greece that the British Government stands by the principles laid down in the famous Balfour Note deciding how much she wants repaid to her. That document declared that Great Britain was only seeking enough money from her allies to reimburse her for her payments to the United States."

MUSSOLINI DEFINES FASCISM

FROM PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT Italy has changed to a Government in which the Prime Minister is directly bound to the multitude, says Premier Mussolini's own newspaper, the Rome *Popolo d'Italia*. This concise definition of Fascism was indirectly produced as the result of some sharp criticism of the Mussolini Government which appeared in the London *Times*. What is more, the Italian Premier felt himself impelled to write a letter to *The Times*, which that newspaper publishes, and which reads as follows:

"SIR—I am very sensible of the fact that your most important paper attentively follows my political and polemical manifestations. Allow me, however, to rectify some statements contained in your last editorial.

"It does not correspond with facts that the last bills voted by the Italian Chamber are against the most elementary liberties, whereof you will be convinced by carefully considering the articles of the aforesaid laws. It is not true that patriots are discontented. On the contrary, the truth is that the opposition is carried on by a small dispossest group, while the enormous majority of the Italian people works and lives quietly, as foreigners sojourning in my country may daily ascertain. Please note also that Fascism counts 3,000,000 adherents, whereof 2,000,000 are Syndicalist workmen and peasants, thus representing the politically organized majority of the nation. Even the Italian Opposition now recognizes the great historical importance of the Fascist experiment, which has to be firmly continued in order not to fail in its task of morally and materially elevating the Italian people, and also in the interest of European civilization. Please accept my thanks and regards.

I am, etc.,

Rome, June 24. MUSSOLINI."

A famous Italian daily, the Milan *Corriere della Sera*, remarks that Mr. Mussolini's letter affords at least a melancholy satisfaction to that part of Italian journalism which believes in the freedom of the press and is convinced of the absolute uselessness of any enforced silence. As no Italian prefect could make his orders of sequestration effective in London, this newspaper remarks tartly, when Mr. Mussolini wished to contradict *The Times*, he had no other course open to him than that of a free discussion. The *Corriere* adds:

"This authoritative statement, coming from the head of the Italian Government, may be accepted by some readers of *The Times*, yet being directed to a people accustomed to liberal and democratic ways, it would have been surely more convincing if it had been substantiated by facts. How can *The Times* believe that the Fascist experiment is to be carried on in the interests of European civilization if to the English mind this civilization rests on liberty and on the principle of the superiority of the State over all political parties?

"Should the Italian citizens still preserve their fundamental liberty, as Signor Mussolini affirmed in his letter to *The Times*, they would have the right to criticize the new constitutional reforms. But such right has been suppressed. It is not the first time that the head of the Government speaks spitefully of the Opposition to foreigners, unable to judge of the real state of affairs; but the judges can not hear the free reply of that Opposition. There is much talk of Rome nowadays in Italy, but what is forgotten is the old Roman sentence, '*Audietur et altera pars.*'

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Yet freedom of discussion in Italy would be the only means of creating a less alarming opinion of the conditions of the country."

The Milan correspondent of the London *Times* advises us that the edition of the *Corriere* which contained this criticism was sequestered soon after its publication. Speaking for itself and from the English standpoint, the London *Times* editorially points out that a chief advantage of the liberty of the press, as it exists under free and equal laws, is that it affords the representatives of all opinions the opportunity of stating their own case in their own words subject only to the limits of moderation and courtesy. *The Times* continues:

"Certainly nothing could be more temperate or polite than the substance and the tone of the Italian Prime Minister's communication. He is quite right in thinking that we attentively follow his political and polemical manifestations. We have watched them with the deepest interest since first he assumed power, and that interest increases rather than diminishes with the development of the Fascist movement. Its importance in the life of United Italy and in the history of the constitutional theory and practise of Europe must necessarily command the observation and the study of all who concern themselves with either. The views which we have consistently exprest upon Fascism and upon its chiefs are on record. The character and the extent of the services which the 'Duce' has rendered to Italy have been fully recognized in many articles upon the movement. It has been acknowledged again and again that he saved her from a social peril which was imminent and great, and that he reformed many scandalous and inveterate abuses, while the hope has been not less frequently exprest that he would know how to prepare her for a gradual return from revolutionary dictatorship to constitutional rule. It has been our endeavor to consider this very remarkable movement as a whole, and to judge it with impartiality as a whole."

From *l'Illustration* (Paris)

THE DICTATOR AND THE POET SAILING ON LAKE GARDA

Mussolini is wearing a derby, and d'Annunzio a fur cap.

The Times contends that Mr. Mussolini makes no attempt to dispute this judgment or to impugn the evidence—the evidence largely of his own speeches and writings—on which it has been reached. All that he purports to do, this daily asserts, is to rectify certain statements in an article which appeared in *The Times*, and we read:

"It is easy to weigh the value of these rectifications. He does not 'condescend upon particulars.' He confines himself to general assertions and general denials. Signor Mussolini says that the bills just passed by the Chamber, including the Press Bill, the Civil Service Bill, and the bill investing the Government decrees with the force of law, are not against the most elementary of liberties. That contention may be left to the common sense of the public. The closing sittings of the Chamber and his address to the Fascist Congress were the occasion of the article to which Signor Mussolini takes exception. The number of a leading Italian newspaper of very moderate Liberal views which reported the address was suppressed in one edition for commenting upon the sittings. The 'Duce's' boast that Fascismo has 3,000,000 supporters who represent 'the political organized majority of the nation' may be referred to the same tribunal. The nation numbers 40,000,000 Italians. What right have these 3,000,000 —if, indeed, there are 3,000,000 Fascists—to represent them?"

Mr. Mussolini, *The Times* admits, says quite truly that the enormous majority of the people are working and living quietly, and he denies that patriots are discontented. But, this newspaper asks:

"If the discontented are but 'a small group,' why is it necessary to gag the press, to forbid free speech, to forbid public meetings, and to arm the Executive with arbitrary and practically irresponsible powers? Signor Mussolini declares that the movement must be 'firmly continued' for the moral and material elevation of the Italian people and in the interest of European civilization. There is difficulty in seeing how it can benefit either one or the other. The 'Duce,' however, is quite uncompromising. 'Our so-called ferocious *volonta totalitaria*,' he declared to the Congress, 'will be prosecuted with still "greater ferocity,"' and 'become the dominant principle of our activity.' 'Absolutely intransigence,' he added, 'is the first "watchword."'

"With such principles and such a watchword misgivings are inevitable. We believe that Signor Mussolini sincerely and earnestly desires the welfare of Italy. We are convinced that this policy is not in the long run the way to promote it."

JAPANESE RESENTMENT AT CHINA—The destruction of Japanese shops and stores in China, the burning of a Japanese Consulate, and the mutilation of the Japanese flag, excite strong feelings of indignation in the Japanese press. Thus the Tokyo *Miyako* urges the Japanese Government to resort to strong measures, because indifference to such humiliation is an indication of disloyalty, and it adds:

"It is a religious precept that people should turn their left cheek when the right is struck. This is conformable to the principle of indulgence, which can not, however, be applicable in a case of national honor and prestige. When the State is humiliated, the disgrace must be set right lest that State lose its dignity as an independent nation. The Chinese insist upon punishing Japan and Great Britain for their imperialism, but they must distinguish between Empire and Imperialism. One is entirely different from the other. Japan is, no doubt, an Empire, but she has never been imperialistic or aggressive. We in Japan have made it our ideal, through all classes, to abide by the principle of international solidarity in maintaining our relations with China. We are confident that the Chinese are well aware how painstaking we have been in furthering a good understanding with them. Why do they look on us as their enemy?"

The Tokyo *Yomyuri* believes it necessary for Japan to maintain good relations with China permanently, and also that Japan's influence in China "must not be allowed to be overshadowed by other nations."

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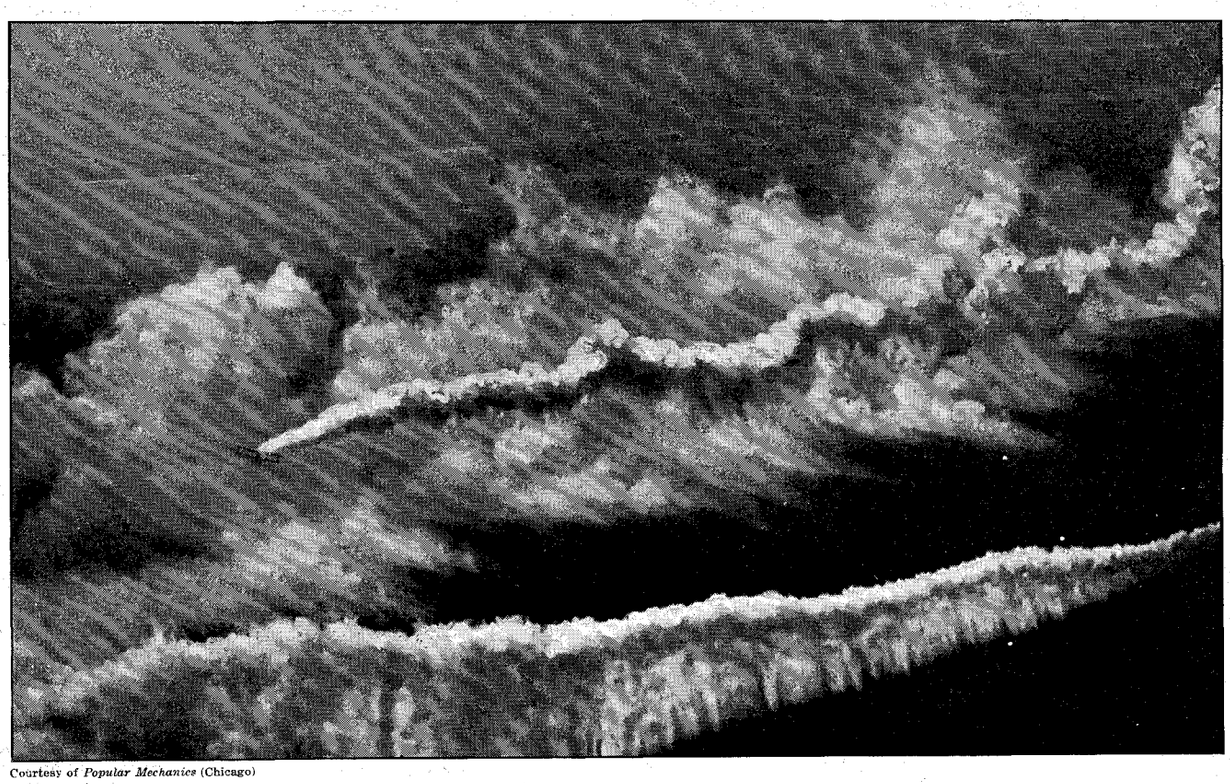

Courtesy of *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago)

SCREENING OFF THE SKY: THE NEW SMOKE-CURTAIN TO BAFFLE HOSTILE CURIOSITY

"Everything in future wars will probably be done behind one of these aerial tapestries. The enemy could shoot through the screen only at random, and batteries of heavy guns would be useless without the gunners being able to 'spot' the shots. Of course, the thing would work both ways. The enemy could do all these things, too, and the winner would be the side that got around to the matter first."

SMOKE-SCREENS DROPPING FROM THE SKY

A WHITE SMOKE-SCREEN that can be dropt from an air-plane like a curtain has been devised and perfected for the United States Army. It was exhibited recently in Washington, we are told by Corley M'Darment, writing in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago). According to Mr. M'Darment, the spectators saw snow-white vapor begin to spout from beneath an approaching plane. Spreading out like a fan, it dropt to the ground like a magic curtain, and instead of crumpling and blowing away, stood upright as if strung upon solid wires. This he tells us, is the newest type of smoke-screen that modern science has developed, a new element in human affairs and a factor for good or for evil, depending entirely upon the moral attitude of the people who use it. He goes on:

"Quietly in the laboratories of the great world Powers, scientists have been peering into test tubes and carrying out experiments in an endeavor to perfect a curtain that could be hung in the sky. It is now a fact, and it is an offspring of aviation. Without air-planes, sky-curtains could not be hung.

"Within a small box that one man can carry, enough curtain material can be packed to screen a whole city, an entire army or a whole fleet of battle-ships. One air-plane can easily fly with such a load. And with air-planes traveling at 200 miles an hour and over, little chance exists to stop an aerial curtain-hanger with guns.

"A curtain of white chemical makes a beautiful thing to look upon when dropt from an air-plane, but it was not for entertainment that it was developed. The chemicals that go to make up a smoke-screen are a deep secret. Each foreign country has its own mysterious preparation.

"'It has a phosphorus base,' is the answer to all queries. That is something, however, that anybody who has studied chemistry could guess, and the answer is harmless as well as valueless. Some chemists will go so far as to name several of the other ingredients, but nobody is putting out the proportion of each element used, and without this knowledge an experimenter might well spend a lifetime trying to put them all together in just exactly the right ratio. The big screen itself, when dropt, can not be picked up and examined, for it would be like scooping fog on a London street, or gathering smoke in Pittsburgh.

"When the Great War closed, the smoke-curtain had not begun to be used to any large extent, but it was being worked upon. The war ended prematurely for this display, but the work continued, and now it is an ax behind the door in international affairs. A few years after the war, some Englishmen began to use a sort of modified smoke-screen that issued from an air-plane through a special apparatus and made a long streak of black smoke which hung in the air. This was used to do sky-writing for advertising purposes, and is still used extensively.

"But the primary object of the smoke-screen was and is to conceal something. Battles have always been won by one commander having something up his sleeve that his opponents did not know about.

"Nothing in the world can help put over a surprize in combat like one of these sky-curtains. Heretofore cavalry has been used to screen movements of troops on foot, but horses going at a gallop are not one-tenth as fast as airplanes, and besides, cavalry can not shut off the view of observers stationed on hill-tops.

"The only way that a commander can see beyond a sky-curtain is to get into an air-plane and fly over it. Everything in future wars will probably be done behind one of these aerial tapestries. Batteries will be drawn up, reinforcements thrown

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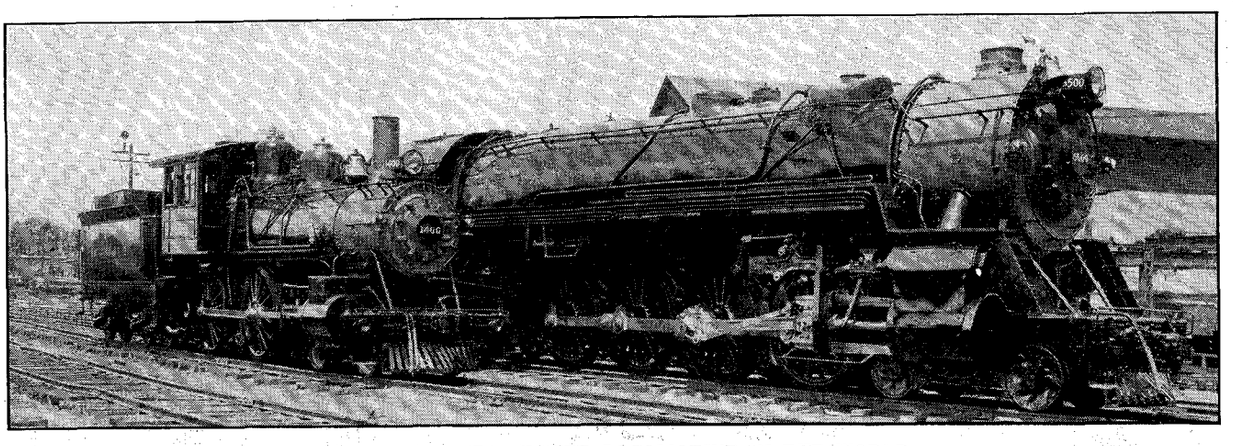

THE LARGEST PASSENGER LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD

Completed June 20, 1925, by the mechanical engineers of shop forces of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company and built in its Mount Clare shops at Baltimore. It is shown here in comparison with a passenger locomotive built in 1890 at the same shops.

in, attacks launched and retreats made under cover of the impenetrable smoke-screen.

"The enemy could shoot through the screen only at random, and batteries of heavy guns would be useless without the gunners being able to 'spot' the shots. Of course, the thing would work both ways. The enemy could do all these things, too, and the winner would be the side that got around to the matter first. It will make war more a game of wit and agility than of ponderous expensive campaigns.

"An air-plane can fly through one of these curtains, standing up like a thin roll of absorbent cotton, without breaking it down. The propellers make a whorl in the white vapor and the path of the plane can be seen after it is through, but the mist closes in so it is impossible to see through it. It has been rumored a way to precipitate these curtains has been discovered in Europe. This would be to turn another air-plane loose and have it attack a smoke-screen by flying lengthwise just above it and drop chemicals that would disperse it. Something like this may be done. But the job of cleaning up one of these five or ten-mile screens would be an enormous undertaking.

"One big feature of the curtain is its sticking qualities. It does not disappear like smoke in the wind, but hangs for many minutes. On a still day, traces of it may be seen for an hour after it is dropt, and for about thirty minutes it makes a haze.

"A new terror has lately been added to the smoke-screen which makes its importance still greater. That is poison gas. When the curtains are laid, they stand upright, as stated, then fall to the ground. But they do not fall flat where they stand. They spread downward and become a blanket, and when this happens, the people on the ground are not only blinded but poisoned as well! So it is small wonder that attempts are being made to set up some kind of an international court where differences can be settled with speeches and a gavel."

A THREE-HUNDRED-TON LOCOMOTIVE—The world's largest locomotive for passenger-car service has just been completed at the shops of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company at Mount Clare, and put on exhibition along with an engine built at the same shops in 1890, contrast with which will illustrate the advance of thirty-five years in locomotive construction. The older engine, a notable vehicle in its day, is a pigmy beside the modern giant, which has a total wheel-base, including tender, of eighty-nine feet and weight of 659,000 pounds, with driving wheel more than six feet in diameter. An official bulletin gives sundry technical details of construction, and adds:

"When put into use this new locomotive will be operated over the mountain divisions between Washington and Grafton, West Virginia, and between Washington and Pittsburgh, hauling heavy passenger-trains that now require auxiliary or helper engines on the steep grades. It will be the only engine that can haul twelve passenger-cars over the steep mountain-grades, and it is expected that through the use of this new type of locomotive, the necessity for using pusher or helper engines will be obviated.

"The actual design of this engine was started about the first of the current year, and orders were placed for the material required in its construction. It required only thirty working days to build this new 'Man-of-War' of the railroad, work being started on it May 16 and it was completed last Saturday, June 20.

"All of the most modern devices so far successfully developed are embodied in the engine's construction, such as power reverse gear, air-operated cylinder cocks, pneumatic bell-ringer, duplex stoker, superheater, low-pressure compound air-pumps, drifting valves, pneumatically operated fire door, etc.

"The finished locomotive presents a beautiful appearance and is representative of the highest class design, material and workmanship. It is the opinion of experts who have seen the engine that no better-looking locomotive was ever turned out by any of the largest locomotive-building companies in the United States."

A VITAL VITAMIN

THE MOST RECENT ADDITION to the vitamin family, which is apparently responsible for animal—and presumably human—fecundity, has been christened "Fat-soluble E" by its discoverers, Herbert M. Evans and George O. Burr, whose report concerning their most recent experiments and conclusions appears in the *Proceedings* of the National Academy of Science (Washington, D. C.). Thus this vitamin, hitherto designated merely by a non-committal "X," claims definite place in the group of strange activators of physiological functions, following Dr. McCollum's antirachitic factor, Vitamin D. Should all that is claimed for it prove valid, the newcomer will take rank as in a sense the most important member of the entire group, for whereas the others are vitally important for the growth and welfare of animal organisms, Vitamin E would appear to be solely responsible for the very existence of the organism itself. The animal, male or female, from whose dietary it is lacking, appears to be absolutely sterile. If offspring are to be born to perpetuate the race, the aid of this vitamin must be invoked. An animal rendered sterile for an indefinite period by a special diet free from Vitamin E, may have fertility restored when fed the vitamin either in regular foodstuffs that contain it or as an extract. Fortunately for the perpetuation of the animal kingdom, the anti-sterility vitamin is abundant in nature. It is of interest to note, however, that its distribution is quite different from that of the "growth vitamin," known as Fat-soluble A. Milk fat, for example, tho rich in Vitamin A, is poor in Vitamin E. Also, we are told—

"Cod-liver oil, tho high in vitamins A and D, is notably lacking in E. Throughout the life of animals, 9 per cent. by weight of the ration may be constituted by cod-liver oil, a single drop of

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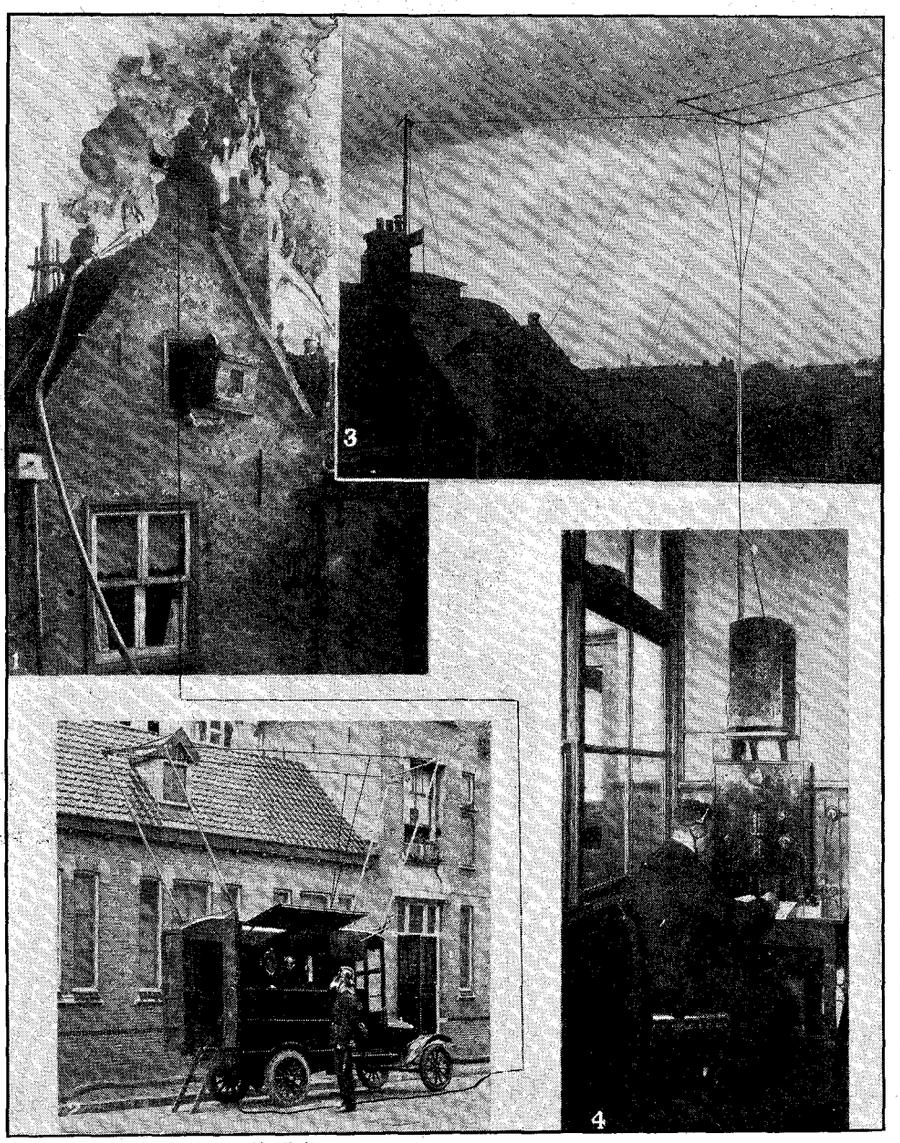
which daily is adequate for A requirements, and yet sterility results."

In animal tissues in general the vitamin is present, but never highly concentrated. On the other hand, it is abundant in the organs of certain plants, especially in seeds and green leaves. Drying of the leaves does not impair the activity of the vitamin. Moreover—

"In the case of both wheat germ and lettuce leaf, ether extraction of the desiccated substances removes E quantitatively and secures for us oils which are efficacious in daily single drop (25 mg.) administration. E is probably present in most commercial oils, so that when the latter constitute a high proportion of the diet, fertility results. Such results have been secured with Wesson oil, cocoanut oil, olive oil."

Oils in their natural state have a less concentrated E content than wheat germ, but alcoholic extracts of a hydrogenated product of cotton-seed oil may be fairly rich in the vitamin. Exceedingly concentrated extracts may be made from wheat germ, a single dose of five milligrams—one-fifth of a drop—either with the food or administered hypodermically, sufficing to restore fertility.



Courtesy of *Fire and Water Engineering* (New York)

HOW THE DUTCH USE RADIO IN FIRE-FIGHTING

1. Fireman with cable reel on back transmitting messages. 2. Staff vehicle car with side raised and antenna in position. 3. Aerial on roof of central fire alarm station. 4. Radio set in central fire station.

AMSTERDAM'S UNIQUE USE OF RADIO

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF of the fire brigade of Amsterdam, Holland, tells of his success in adapting radio for the practical purposes of his department, not merely to signal fires, as has often been suggested, but to keep the actual fire-fighters in constant touch with headquarters. Writing in *Fire and Water Engineering* (New York), the fire chief relates that after numerous efforts he gave up the attempt to construct a simple apparatus, with power generated by a falling weight or by wind, for individual fire-alarm boxes, and adjusted a portable radio apparatus on a motor-car with specially designed body. Equipped for both sending and receiving messages, this staff vehicle is driven to all important fires. Says the chief:

"Upon arriving at a fire, the outfit is stationed at a suitable place, the antenna erected, and direct communication established with the central office, which, too, is provided with a radio sending and receiving set.

"The staff-vehicle as well as the central office is equipped with a map on which are circular metal plates, mounted so as to indicate the exact location of fire stations. These metal plates are pierced with several holes so that pins, with flat heads on which are marked the types of apparatus housed in quarters, may be inserted or removed at will. By means of a sliding construction, a larger metallic plate similarly made, may be moved to the location of the fire indicating the apparatus which responded and the houses which are empty.

"This board is so constructed that three fires can be followed at the same time. Since it very seldom happens that several conflagrations occur at the same time, one staff vehicle has been found sufficient. Should a fire occur in another part of the town, and the commanding officer at the fire notices that equipment is lacking in that location, apparatus may be made ready to 'pick up' and respond to the new location.

"Each vehicle is supplied with maps of the city, drawn to a scale of 1-1000. The maps are 24 x 19 cms. (9.5 x 7 inches), and indicate hydrants, wells, hazardous structures, and other pertinent information.

"A sensitive telephone receiver is connected to the staff vehicle, and has 300 meters (984 feet) of waterproof cable on a small reel. A fireman carries this on his back to a suitable vantage-point, and communication is thus established to the seat of the fire, and even the central station.

"The car is so arranged that either or both of the two sides may be raised. Facilities are afforded for mounting the maps. The vehicle carries various types of tools and a canteen for food. All company officers report here for necessary instructions.

"This apparatus should make possible more systematic procedure in fighting fires, and with the fire chief in such close touch, not only with his officers and men at the fire, but with headquarters and the city in general, is always in a position to give orders quickly to cover any possible fire-fighting emergency."

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WHERE CHILDREN PLAY AT GIVING PLAYS

TWO WONDROUS FAIRY CASTLES hang from the ceiling of the Heckscher Theater for children in New York and serve as chandeliers. The walls are adorned with murals by Willy Pogany. As we are told, the children's theater "outranks in artistic decoration the famous playhouses along Broadway," and in Pogany's paintings are "all the favorites of the child world: Jack climbing the beanstalk, the Sleeping Beauty with her court, Cinderella losing her glass slipper, the Goose Girl with her flock, and the Thief of Bagdad flying away on his magic carpet. At any performance before the curtain rises, you can hear excited little girls and boys relating the whole of these fairy-tales to any older folks who have come with them." Writing in *The Forecast*, Henrietta Gee remarks that "Mr. Heckscher, in this little theater, has given New York children everything that they could desire for that most wonderful of all pastimes—'giving a show.'" The writer continues:

"The theater is in the big stone building owned by the Heckscher Foundation for Children on upper Fifth Avenue, just across from Central Park. Plays are produced here, first of all, to give the young actors and their friends in the audience a good time. At the same time these plays are chosen so skilfully and produced so beautifully, that the children are learning to appreciate the stage and to know what is worth-while in dramatic presentations."

"A PLAY THAT THE CHILDREN HAVE CREATED

"And one that other children will understand and enjoy" is produced at the Heckscher Theater in New York by "telling them the story and letting them act it out in pantomime and gradually add words that seem to them appropriate. The older person who is working with the children writes down these lines."

The most ambitious of the plays given by the child actors thus far is Netta Syrette's "Princess Fragoletta." As we read,

"It deals with a dissatisfied child princess whose father and mother call on a magician to amuse her. A prolog is wafted from somewhere up in the air by a fairy, and then on the stage *Princess Fragoletta* materializes and starts on her course of fantastic experiences. Before her eyes bric-a-brac changes into dancers and court servants into animals. Pierrots, negroes, shepherds and shepherdesses in turn appear and dance alluringly. When the magic fails, at the end of the play, the *Princess* is left in a cruel world of reality from which a charming prince rescues her. All of the costumes which were worn in this play were designed and made by students in the Heckscher recreation classes."

There are three dramatic classes, and Miss Abigail Halsey, director of the club department, said to the *Forecast's* contributor:

"In producing a play the ideal method is to tell the story to the children and allow them to become thoroughly familiar with the spirit of the story as well as the narrative. Then let them act it out in pantomime. Gradually, they add lines, saying words that seem to them appropriate. The older person who is working with the children writes down these lines. Then you have a play that the children have created, and one that other children will understand and enjoy.

"Children, particularly the younger ones, have an excellent understanding of each other's dramatic ability. They try different parts, and they decide among themselves that Martha makes the best old witch and that Tommie is better than any one else at acting a dragon. Little children are extremely generous. It never occurs to them to be jealous of the actors who take the principal parts in the play.

"All children have imagination and natural dramatic instinct. If they develop the words and the pantomime of the play for themselves, they are not self-conscious as they might be if they were expressing the ideas of an older person who has drilled them. All plays given by children should be the natural outgrowth of the children themselves—their ideas and work."

As the writer informs us, "the Children's Theater of the Heckscher Foundation has gained an international reputation," and when Bertram Hauser, director of the theater, was asked by an English group who were organizing a similar children's theater to tell them some of the problems that might arise, he said:

"The great danger with any children's theater movement is that it may be too idealistic—that the overseers will allow their ardent desires for presenting wholesome, inspiring productions to override their rational judgment as to what will really attract juvenile audiences. The practical side must never be lost sight of, however, if the theater is to be really a success.

"The first plays must attract large audiences. Possibly the plays that do this will not be in line with a director's highest standard of art, but after a patronage has been developed by the first play or two, one can go ahead with the higher type of plays. It is not an immediate process. You must lead your audience by the hand to what is most worth-while in drama and in line with your object. In this way it is possible to infuse appreciation and enthusiasm for cultural drama in those who never before had those qualities.

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"Good plays have a definite cultural influence on juvenile audiences. They provide wholesome entertainment, stimulate appreciation of the stage, develop a sense of what is and what is not worth while in the theater, and incite greater familiarity with literature. Creating a clientele for the theater may at first seem to be a practical consideration only, but when you think it over, it may also be included as part of the idealistic side."

Maurice Anik, a teacher of violin, trained a children's orchestra for the theater. As an editorial note tells us, he was killed in an automobile accident a few days after this article in *The Forecast* had been accepted and put in type. It quotes him as if he were still living, and we read:

"The children in the orchestra come from all over New York City, from New Jersey, and from Westchester county. We received 150 applications from children, and we chose the forty who were most promising.

Courtesy of the New York *Times Magazine*

"EFFECTIVE ENOUGH TO BE CALLED BRILLIANT"

But "not fine enough to be called distinguished," the art of Anders Zorn is "clever" rather than masterful and "impresses you without any enchantment." "There seems nothing creative about it." Therefore, as we are told by a New York critic, "he was a long way behind Sargent."

"These young musicians range from seven to fifteen years of age. When they practise, they love to sit on a stage just like an orchestra of grown-ups. We have only stringed instruments—violins, violas, cellos, a harp and a piano. All of the children are studying with teachers; some of them have played over the radio or in student recitals.

"We have worked up a concert program which will fill an evening. It consists of six numbers that are intended for children to play and listen to. They are of 'Fairy Tales,' by Komzak; an arrangement of the 'Toy Soldiers' March,' by Kreisler; 'The Clock is Playing,' by Blaauw; 'Slumber Song,' by Schumann; 'Minuet of E-flat Symphony,' by Mozart; and the 'Toy Symphony,' by Haydn. The 'Toy Symphony' is the favorite with the children, for it has six solo parts that delight them particularly. They are played by genuine toy instruments—the cuckoo, nightingale, quail, triangle, castinets, and a toy trumpet. These instruments are played at different times with the rest of the orchestra accompanying them.

"Children, in playing music as in dramatizing stories, are full of imagination, and they love these pieces that are written expressly for them. In time, we hope to take the children's orchestra from the theater to play for children in institutions. Then we can take to them some of the ideas that the plays and concerts in the Children's Theater stand for."

MR. KIPLING DENOUNCES STATIONERY

THE "ELEVENTH PLAGUE" was "launched upon humanity" when "some desperate soul" invented the printing-press and others as desperate "charged the printing-press with stationery, improved the machine, invented special inks for it, and created the business of publishing and distributing"—or, at all events, so argues Rudyard Kipling in the address which he delivered in London, the other day, while being made an Honorary Freeman of the Worshipful Company of Stationers. The world would have been a lot better off without paper, he contends. The date of its invention was, in his opinion, a "dreadful date," since which "there has not been a crime in the decalog, from anonymous letter-writing to the spread of idealism, which they [the stationers, printers, and publishers] have not fostered, facilitated, and democratized. Incidentally, too, they have turned life into the nightmare of a never-empty waste-paper basket." As cabled to the New York *Times*, the speech ripples on:

"It is true, however, that their ministrations have prevented or diverted authors from reciting their works along on the street-corners, but I hold that with a little patience the increase of motor traffic would have accomplished this end for mankind quite as effectively.

"My responsibility as an Honorable Stationer, therefore, is a heavy one, for it must have been a brother of your mystery, an original hieratic stationer, who first discovered that if the leaves of the papyrus plant were soaked in the muddy water of the Nile and beaten upon with a mallet, the beastly stuff stuck together and made what looked like paper.

"So we called it paper, and men began to write upon it with reed pens, and when in the course of time we had rooted every green thing out of the valley of the Nile, when we had killed the fatted calf, the unfatted calf, and the calf unborn to make vellum, we have torn the very rags off the backs of beggars, and we have ground them and we have pulped them to make more and more stationery. And all this because a desperate soul had invented the apparatus called the printing-press.

"And the printing-press without paper being as innocuous as an unloaded gun, they instantly charged it with stationery.

"It is true, also, that our existence was forced upon us, with potentialities for self-expression, which afflicts poets, playwrights, politicians and other story-tellers. For, sirs, ye know that by their craft ye have your wealth. Yet it is to their credit that the Stationers' Company has striven to mitigate some of the evils it has abetted. In ancient days, for instance, at the behest of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, they took it as their own duty not only to block out objectionable passages from works of objectionable authors, but also to break up the furniture and melt down the type of obnoxious printers.

"Unluckily, the bases of criticism have widened since then, and I have been told I needn't look forward to even an honorary share in those righteous delights. For authors nowadays print what, where and how they choose, and most of them do."

That the mania for writing and printing is entirely natural, Mr. Kipling concedes. He ends by remarking, in a mood obviously serious:

"Man is always at war with, or wondering over, himself or his neighbors or his gods, and he needs must tell all three what he thinks about them. Through the ages the net output of his dreams and imaginings has come to be known as literature.

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"Nevertheless, many men have given all they possess of passion, experience and art to the making of it. Some have given their integrity also. But the fabric of the work to which they have given themselves is the one human creation which withstands time. And in no land has there been more wasteful or more superb giving than in England."

ANDERS ZORN, THE SWEDISH SARGENT

IT WAS AS A SCULPTOR, we read, that Anders Zorn, a collection of whose paintings was recently exhibited in New York, began his artistic career. In Dalecarlia, his grandfather's sheep were his first models. As we are told, "at the age of seven he whittled their images in wood and, seeking color, squeezed the juices of strawberries, whortleberries, bilberries and wild flowers, staining his figures with these." Later on a patron "sent him to study sculpture in Stockholm," and others "made it possible for him to enter the academy in that city for a conventional course of study." It was too conventional by far, evidently, for it "bored him to indolence"; but he was soon to be free of it. Somehow "he obtained a box of water-colors and conquered this medium to the point of asking and receiving $40 a head for his water-color portraits." According to the New York *Times*,

"Before he was twenty-one he had accumulated enough money to travel, working as he went. Settling in London a year later, he had difficulty in selling his work. 'Undismayed, and with astounding audacity,' Mr. Lang says, 'he rented an elegant Brook Street studio at £5 a week, for the purpose of attracting a fashionable clientele. It was far above his means, but he succeeded in selling his Spanish pictures and secured commissions to paint various members of the Swedish Legation.'"

Meanwhile, he "conquered the medium of etching in his own way." As we are told, he "used a slashing stroke and masses of dark which in good impressions are open and flickering with light." Reading on—

"He was called an impressionist, which he was not, but his work at the height of his career was vigorous and rich in sensuous appeal. He painted portraits of men and women of all races, of all classes, princes and peasants, with an increasing predilection for the peasant. Toward the end of his life he reverted to the tastes and pleasures of his native town, Mora, where he spent his last years. 'He remodeled the old cottage of Gruddgarden,' Mr. Lang says, 'and combined it under a single roof with several adjacent buildings, so that it became a stately mansion, with splendid guest-rooms and with a great old-fashioned hall. He decorated his walls with lordly tapestries, and filled the place with all kinds of objects of art—bronzes, woodcuts, engravings, paintings, Rembrandt etchings, antique Scandinavian silverware. And yet, with all its costly appurtenances, it always retained the warmth and comfort of a home, a home where art and life were indissolubly united. He built up an estate modeled upon the traditional Dalecarlian culture. He encouraged the peasants to retain their old national music, their gay, motley costumes and their merry dances. To the simple country folk he was like a lord, a mild despot who showed a patriarchal concern for everybody. In his home, which was once a tiny hut, he now lived like a king in the old northern folk-tales. His door was always open to friends and fellow artists; they feasted on costly old-fashioned dishes and drank wine and brandy from silver cups that were engraved by a master during the time of the Renaissance. Zorn never forgot that he was once a poor little boy, and he was proud not only of his achievements but also of his descent from the strong, artistically and technically gifted people of Mora. He would accompany the visitor across the snow-covered fields to point out the place where he was born.'"

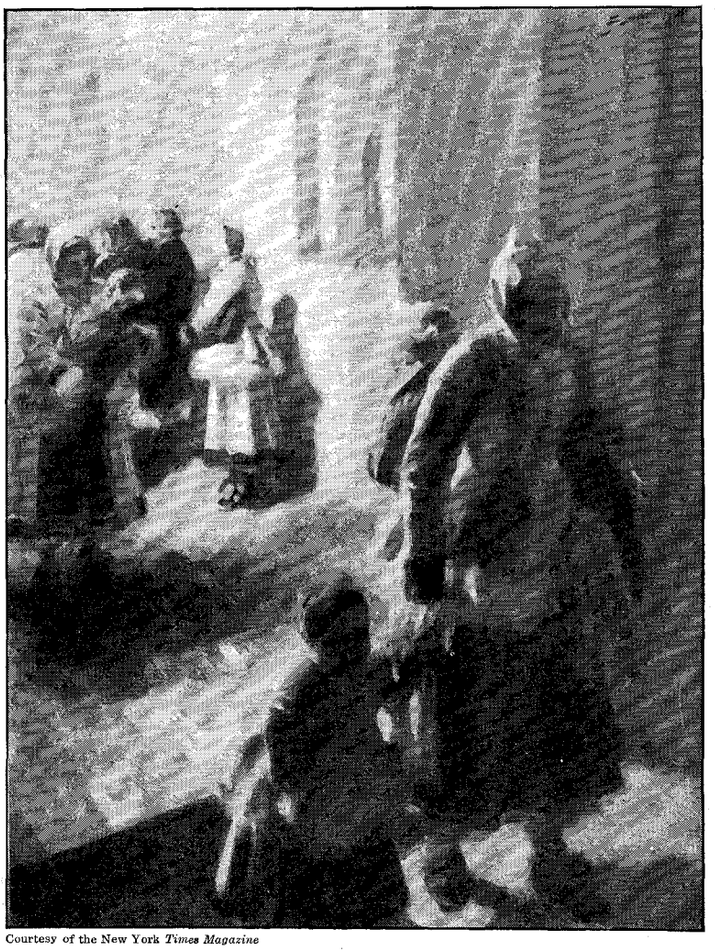
Writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*, Royal Cortissoz reminds us that Zorn died in 1920 "after a life of triumph." Says Mr. Cortissoz:

"Fortune had smiled upon him almost from the beginning, and it never left him. Of all the Scandinavian artists he had the widest European fame.

"He was, a long way behind Sargent, the kind of virtuoso that Sargent was, the man of exact vision and an accomplished, even brilliant hand. He had the technique of an adroit Salonnier, raised to a higher power. There is a French precision about his workmanship, enriched by a greater flexibility, a lighter touch, than is always characteristic of the Parisian school with which he is somehow affiliated. But he remains the Salonnier, the clever, inordinately clever type, rather than the master of a style. That is where you recognize the superiority of Sargent. The technique of the American has in it an extraordinary originality and elevation, it has the stamp of genius upon it. Zorn's impresses you without any enchantment, it is effective enough to be called brilliant, but it is not fine enough to be called distinguished. All the time you are aware of limitations that clog his footsteps and keep him upon a very mundane level.

"Taking Zorn's art in its length and breadth we are interested but not deeply imprest. It has enormous vitality, yet, by some strange paradox, there seems nothing creative about it, nothing inspiring. Where great art seems to transcend the idiom of the country in which it was produced, this art remains, for all its workmanlike merits, rather narrowly Scandinavian.

"Zorn's etchings are far more familiar here than works of his done with the brush. They have been enormously popular, too, but this without really establisning him as a permanent figure. The vogue of the prints, indeed, has always seemed to us to illustrate nothing more nor less than a curious aberration of taste."



Courtesy of the New York *Times Magazine*

"AN INCREASING PREDILECTION FOR THE PEASANT"

Marked the progress of Zorn's art, and "toward the end of his life he reverted to the tastes and pleasures of his native town, where he spent his last years." In this painting the peasants are seen enjoying a Christmas revel.

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RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE REFORMATION OF HERRIN

"BLOODY" HERRIN has laid away its smoking revolvers and reformed. The fact has not been as widely heralded as were Herrin's private killings, feuds, riots and massacres, which some months ago made the seat of Williamson County notorious throughout the world. The first news of the reformation was conveyed in an Associated Press dispatch, which tells us that Herrin has abandoned old ways for new and is building peace on the foundation of the Golden Rule. It is worthy of note that it is a former Associated Press correspondent who was the human agent in the transformation. Members of a legislative committee visiting the Illinois city found, we are told, the population "happy and peaceable, the old grudges forgotten and the old hatreds buried in a spirit of recognition engendered in daily noonday prayer-meetings in the city's largest downtown theater." The committee arrived shortly before noon, and found every store closed. In many shop windows was displayed this sign: "This place closes daily for the men's noonday prayer-meeting. Annex Theater, 11:30 to 12 noon." Says the dispatch further:

P. & A. photograph

"A NERVY LAY-PREACHER"

Howard S. Williams, who "hit the love notes all the way through," in persuading Herrin to drop the gun for the Gospel.

"Few persons were seen on the streets and business was at a standstill while proprietors, clerks and salespeople attended the services.

"At the meeting the legislators found men who could pray only in a foreign tongue standing shoulder to shoulder with the townsfolk who once were armed against them. The legislators are convinced the city has returned to the ways of peace, that the Golden Rule has replaced the blue steel pistol as the arbiter of honor."

The credit for this admittedly remarkable reformation is given to Howard S. Williams, a former Associated Press correspondent and editor of a small newspaper in Mississippi. He was converted by Gipsy Smith, Jr., two and a half years ago. He has just finished putting Herrin back on its feet, and, according to Wilbur Forrest, staff correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, took with him on his return home the thanks of the leading citizens of the town, "who credit his rough-and-ready theology with doing the hitherto impossible in bringing men who a short time ago were carrying guns and threatening to take life, into friendly handshakes, with a bond of Christianity between them." Mr. Williams is, we are told, a lay evangelist who preaches the old-time religion. His converts are said to include Protestants and Catholics, and among his most hearty supporters were Jews. Gunmen, bootleggers and others of the ilk generally known as "bad men" were persuaded to lay down their arms, and when Mr. Williams asked them to recognize the sheriff as the symbol of law and order in Williamson County, several hundred of them who had sworn to "get" him rushed over and shook the sheriff's hands. To the *Herald Tribune* correspondent Mr. Williams said:

"Humanly speaking, I would not dare to try to place the blame for Herrin on any individual or organization. It was simply that sin was there and had to be eradicated before the town could be cleaned up. There is only one antidote for sin. That is Christ.

"I have thought it right to go out in the world and sell Christ to others. I am a salesman of Christ, and a salesman must know his goods. Here in Herrin, during the last few weeks, hundreds who have hated one another, dozens who have been drunkards and adulterers, scores who have been bootleggers and pistol-toters, crap-shooters and booze-hounds have hit the trail. God's laws, with His divine help, have conclusively proven that a power greater than human power is absolutely essential for their regeneration.

"Reformation can never precede regeneration. There must be deeper motives to quit drinking booze than man's laws. If the United States Government would spend 10 per cent. of the money now engaged in chasing bootleggers to erect Gospel tents and put evangelists in the field, they could settle this liquor problem within the next twelve months. I have seen at least one hundred bootleggers converted in my tabernacles during the last eighteen months, and the first thing they do is to go out and lead others to accept Christ.

"When I first came here, I asked them night after night to read the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. That's the great love chapter, wherein Paul says that if a man hasn't love, he is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. I have tried here to hit the love notes all the way through, at the same time condemning sin without fear or favor."

And Herrin's leading citizens believe that he succeeded. According to Mr. Forrest they believe that "the hideous nightmare of massacres, factional gun-fighting between union and non-union forces, elements of wet and dry, Ku Klux and anti-Ku Klux, since 1923, is forgotten history." The correspondent writes:

"A few weeks ago the community was a jungle of hatred and antagonism. Old friends ignored one another on the streets. Uncompromising feudism was in the air. Men were for or against one another, with no middle ground. About thirty widows and orphans and many graves in the Herrin Cemetery told the story of a sort of earthly hell-fire and damnation atmosphere in which the community was suffering. There was no medium with which to bring opposing feudists together. Altho many were tired of the fight, they had to go on.

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P. & A. photograph

THE "QUEEN OF THE MISSIONS" BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE

Built in 1786 by Indian neophytes under the supervision of the Franciscan padres, Santa Barbara Mission was destroyed by an earthquake in 1812, but was restored by the persistent Franciscan fathers. Now, after the second visitation, they will "carry on," says one of them, and meet the disaster "as the Franciscan fathers met the terrors of the West more than a century ago."

"Then came Williams. That is the story of Herrin's revival. A nervy little Southern lay-preacher told Herrin's gunmen where to head in. He did it with his coat off, with fists flailing the air and without a pistol strapt to his hip. Herrin's bad eggs wilted and hit the trail. Others saw the handwriting on the wall and slunk away.

"Whether the converts will lose their new-found religion or others will return to bring mob madness and death back to Herrin is now the question, but the average citizen here thinks not. Herrin is born again, they say, and all credit goes to the former Mississippi editor, who has the reputation of being willing to go to hell to save a soul.

"His fame has spread until St. Louis has beckoned him to save souls in that city in a great tabernacle built and supported by more than a hundred churches. But saving Herrin from herself with a two-fisted doctrine of love one another will probably stand as the Mississippi lay evangelist's greatest feat. Anyway, without mentioning the term Ku Klux Klan once in his noonday meetings and night revivals, he has succeeded in putting the Herrin Kluckers out of business. A few days ago Herrin's Klan newspaper filed a petition in bankruptcy and converted members of the Klan now admit that locally it is virtually through.

"Figuratively, he has taken the guns out of Herrin's hip-pockets and replaced them with clean handkerchiefs. He has put a kindly smile on the faces of people who have worn grouchy frowns for years. Such is the result that the outside observer sees out of Williams's campaign. Perhaps any other evangelist might have done it, but most of Herrin's 12,000 citizens are ready to erect a monument to Williams and give him all the credit."

Of these is the editor of the Herrin *News*, Hal W. Trovillion who writes in his paper that history will characterize the Mississippi evangelist as "the man who persuaded God back to Herrin." We read that the cooperation—all the churches save one cooperated in the reform movement—proves that all the citizens are anxious to usher in an era of good feeling. Touching on the late situation, Mr. Trovillion writes:

"It was not only a breakdown of the law that many still contend caused it all, it was partly a religious collapse of the entire community. But we are now set well back on the road, the church houses are rechristened once more as the House of God, and we hope they will be used as such, and that all will stay put right. Williams has handed us an accurate compass, and believing in the brotherhood of man, the fatherhood of God and with that compass pointed to the star of Bethlehem and with our eyes on a cross that proclaims a Jesus, we may hope for a bon voyage back to that far-distant land where still dwell the sane and sensible people of modern civilization."

WHAT EARTHQUAKES CAN NOT DESTROY

PERHAPS THE HEAVIEST LOSS SUFFERED in the Santa Barbara earthquake was the damage done to the historic Santa Barbara Mission, the only one of that chain of missions along the Camino Real (King's Highway) in which Catholic religious services have been conducted without interruption since early in the eighteenth century. The illustration on the cover of this issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST gives an artist's view of the famous mission, and in these pages appear photographic views of the mission before and after the visitation. The heroism and devotion of the mission's priests during the June earthquake form, we are told, part of the romance of their church in this country, of which the dispatches give us some vivid detail. When the shock struck, we read in an Associated Press dispatch, the mission's two graceful towers, which rose to a height of sixty feet, crumbled and crashed to the stone court below, carrying with them silver-throated bells which had called the monks to prayer for more than a hundred years. The upper part of the façade and portico which stretched in a graceful line between the towers was torn loose and tossed to ruin on the stone entrance to the chapel. Several old statues which had graced the façade were destroyed, and the Franciscan padres despair of ever replacing them. The walls throughout the mission were cracked and strained, and the floors were littered with bits broken from the ceiling.

Father Augustine, according to another Associated Press dispatch, told a thrilling story of what he declared to be a miraculous delivery. At the first tremor he went to the second story room where Father Engelhardt, an aged priest and author of works on California Catholic missions and missionaries, was confined as an invalid. Lifting the invalid priest to his back, Father Augustine proceeded to the stairway, when, with the second shock, he fell through a hole to the floor below with the invalid priest on his back. Neither was injured, and both went safely from the ruins. Another incident is thus recorded:

"There were many Catholics at early mass when the tremor occurred. The celebrant priest, altho two statues above the altar fell down near him, turned and urged the worshipers to pray—and it was only his calming of them that saved their lives, for a few moments later the two towers fell to the sidewalk. The worshipers then walked out over the ruins."

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The mission was built, we are told, in 1786 by Indian neophytes, under the supervision of the Franciscan padres. It was destroyed by an earthquake in 1812, but the dust had hardly settled before the padres began construction of the present structure. In a short sketch of the "Queen of the Missions," in the New York *Times* we read:

"Since 1852 it has housed a Franciscan college for the education of young men. The building was built entirely of stone, with a roof of tiles. The church was 140 feet long and 40 wide, and was flanked by a long line of low buildings with arched corridors in the Spanish style. Before the main building was a large fountain.

"The walls of the church were six feet thick, and were strengthened with solid stone buttresses and heavy cross-beams. There were two towers, in one of which hung mellow-toned bells, brought from Spain, where they were cast in 1818. The interior of the church was plain, tho there were remains of a frescoed ceiling. The most valuable treasure in it was a piece of the true cross brought from the Holy Land. There were also preserved beautiful robes, used in the early days, and the library contained massive leather-bound books and archives of great value to the student of early California life.

"The inner courtyard and garden were used for the private quarters of the priests, and were closed to the public. Only two women, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, were ever permitted the privilege of entering it."

P. & A. photograph

THO DAMAGED, THE MISSION STILL STANDS AS A SYMBOL OF FAITH

When the shock struck, the tops of the towers of Santa Barbara Mission crumbled and fell, while the congregation was worshiping within. The worshipers remained at their prayers at the exhortation of the priest and thus were saved from injury by the falling débris.

The spirit of the Franciscans has again asserted itself in the rebuilding program, according to *The New World*, a Catholic newspaper of Chicago, which tells us that even while earth tremors repeated themselves, Father Augustine was closeted with Father Martin, superior of the order, detailing damage to the old mission and planning reconstruction. The damage is estimated at $500,000. Later, standing in a doorway of the mission, Father Augustine addrest his congregation and said:

"There is a spirit of the Franciscan Fathers that can not die. It is this spirit that has just prompted me to order all the Fathers to remain at the old mission. It is badly damaged, but we will stay here and with the rest of Santa Barbara build and restore as the fathers before us. We shall 'carry on' for the order in meeting the disaster, as the Franciscan Fathers met the terrors of the West more than a century ago. And the Holy Father bless you all."

A GREAT PHYSICIAN'S RELIGION

PHYSICIANS TO THE BODY sometimes give advice to the soul from out their large experience, and of these was "the Grand Old Man of British Medicine," Sir Clifford Allbutt, the Regius Professor at Cambridge University, who went recently to prove his belief in God and a hereafter. His writings, we are told, won him a wide reputation. Once, after he was eighty years old, he ventured into the pulpit of St. Edward's Church in Cambridge, and of the sermon he preached then the following notes were printed after his death. We quote from *The Churchman* (Episcopal):

"I desire from the retrospect of a long life, to give you some thoughts on religion from a layman's point of view. Comparing the religious teaching I used to hear when young with that I hear to-day, it seems hardly possible that both could be put forth by the same church. The change is largely due to an alteration in the relations of religion to science. To me as a scientific man the supposed conflict between science and religion never caused any alarm. It would be wicked to forget that reason is a faculty given to us by God Himself, and that Christianity itself must move with the great current of human thought and development. We feel (even when we have no emotions that rise into rapture) a stirring within our hearts, continuous and certain, which claims to rule our lives. Like the inborn gifts of skill in art or music, it may be developed by cultivation or extinguished by neglect. If we cultivate it, we come to recognize in it the influence of an indwelling God. Even outside the pale of Christianity that inner influence is felt by many holy men.

"If Christendom will abandon its two-thousand-year-old habit of internal controversy, and concentrate itself upon developing this inborn sense of the indwelling God, it will attain to its ancient and fundamental aim of Christian unity.

"In the slums of London I have wandered through crowds of unruly and profane people, and have asked myself if such as they could be children of God. I have afterwards learned from Salvation Army officers that many of these slum people would give their last shilling to a friend in distress, or would take in a sick neighbor and support him out of their own earnings.

"Religion, thus, is not a matter of rites and ceremonies. I concede that there are many persons to whose feelings of devotion these are helpful or indispensable. Yet many others, like myself, find within the plain walls of a whitewashed room a more direct access to God. Prayer is not a thing only for fixt hours or for sacred places. In the street or the railway station or the market-place you may breathe a momentary prayer, and you will feel happier for a whole hour afterwards. There is nothing incongruous in a silent aspiration raised to God whilst you are selling ribbons in a shop or advising clients in an office or prescribing at a patient's bedside."

A naturalist, too, found nothing incongruous between his branch of learning and faith in God. In the Washington *Evening Star* we read that the late Prof. Henry Oldys, a naturalist connected with the Smithsonian Institution, wrote in his will:

"In leaving this world I do so with the prayer and hope that some day it may appreciate the priceless legacy bequeathed to it by Jesus, and thus be led to that perfect system he offered, whose basis is love and faith, whose keynote is entire abandonment of self-interest, and whose object is the establishment upon earth of the highest ideal of social organization—the Kingdom of God."

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Here's just the meal for children!

This soup contains 15 different vegetables, nourishing cereals and invigorating beef broth!

Growing children need the iron of the green vegetables. They need the mineral salts so valuable in building bone-tissue, the cereals so rich in nutriment. They need the wholesome tonic of rich beef broth.

All of these are abundantly supplied in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. A good hot bowlful of it is as tempting and beneficial a luncheon or supper as you could give the young ones.

Soup is so healthful because it keeps the appetite vigorous, supplies needed food and aids the digestion.

Every mother should realize this and see that her children have the advantages that come from eating good soup daily.

21 kinds
12 cents a can

We're filled with glee as you can see,
We bring the choicest crop.
Give us a spoon and Campbell's soon—
Oh, then we'll never stop!

Campbell's Soups
LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

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CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THE offer of an extremely modest prize, one guinea, has attracted to the London *Bookman* a flood of charming poems, and, as it turns out, even the modest prize is divided. But poets have competed for less—mere bay leaves, in fact—so let that pass. Like *The Bookman*, we publish the winning lyrics:

THE SEEKER

By Julia Wickham Greenwood

A soul like mine—as rich, as poor—
Knocks both at Hell's and Heaven's door.

It cries all night, it seeks all day,
And never finds the faith to pray;

But flutters on its feeble wings,
Searching about for precious things.

To have had some dreams my heart has had
I think might make an angel glad;

So I believe, if God there be,
His love is given to fools like me.

TREES

By Irene Maunder

The poplar is a soldier,
  The beech tree is a queen,
The birch, the daintiest fairy
  That tripped upon a green.
But there are only two trees
  That set my heart astir,
They are the drooping larch tree
  And the rough Scotch fir.

The oak tree tells of conquest
  And solid, dogged worth.
The elm of quiet homesteads
  And peace upon the earth.
But oh! my love and lady,
  Just two trees speak of her,
They are the swaying larch tree
  And the rough Scotch fir.

They speak of shady woodlands,
  They tell of windy heath,
Of branches spread above us
  And crackling cones beneath.
And oh! I fain would wander
  Where once I went with her,
Beneath the golden larch tree
  And the rough Scotch fir.

The ash is bent with weeping,
  The cypress dark with doom,
The almond tree and hawthorn
  Are bright with hope and bloom.
But there are only two trees
  That set my heart astir,
They are the swaying larch tree
  And the bleak Scotch fir.

LITTLE pictures of people—types with whom we are all familiar—group themselves entertainingly in these verses reproduced from *The American Poetry Magazine* (Wauwasota, Wis.):

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

By Charles Nicholas Webb

I

THE NEWSPAPER ROOM

Curbstone critics ponder here
  Wisdom of the day;
On their uppers, shaggy, queer,
  Down and out to stay;
Poring over week-old news,
  Comment stupid, wise,
Comic strips and Main Street views
With their bleary eyes.
Pessimists hunt signs of war
  In *The Globe-Gazette;*
Optimists paw sport sheets o'er
  To decide a bet;
Idlers come to dodge the rain;
  —Comes a home-sick boy,
Seeks the paper from Fort Wayne.
  Clutches it with joy.

II

FICTION—AND NON-FICTION

"Oh, something full of modern life,
And thrills, galore, on every page,"
The school girl lisps. (When she's the age
Of yonder, worn, perplexed housewife,
Her taste *may* change.) A story rife
With heroes' deeds, where he-men wage
Bold contest and the battles rage,
Her brother chooses—sunlit strife.

The housewife? She but seeks the trail
To Arcady; she longs to roam
Enchanted wood and hill and dale;
Fiction—she asks—as light as foam—
She knows the worth of cakes and ale
—Non-fiction finds each day at home.

III

THE "STACKS"

"Counting of commas—world without end,'
Sighs the professor at dusk as he looks
Up from his study of leather bound books,
Wearily murmurs, "Heaven forfend!"

Morning will bring what evening lacks,
Makes then our scholar a hope-gladdened youth,
Willing to drudge in his search for the truth
—Toil in his temple—the library stacks.

IV

THE STORY HOUR

"And the princess loved the beggar, so the legends say,
And the story ends, my children, in the same old way."
  Rose Marotti sighs thereat,
    And Pat Doyle laughs aloud;
  Matti Lahti finds his hat
    And joins the noisy crowd;
  Deborah Adams asks the name
    of next week's fairy tale,
  And Bill James mutters, "Just the same
    That gi'nt should go to jail."
The story hour is at an end, and as they run to play,
Each mother's child must need pretend, his story ends that way.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, edited by Harriet Monroe and published in Chicago, brings us the musical lines:

OUT OF CHARACTER

By Florence Mayne Hickey

I who so love scarlet
  Wear a gown of black—
Quaintly fitted tunic
  Buttoned up the back.

I who so love singing
  Clear and thin and high,
Only hum a low small tune
  Like a sigh.

I who so love laughter
  Wear a quiet smile,
Looking wiser and sadder
  All the while.

I who so love April
  Walk November's ways—
Snow lining the water's edge,
  Study in whites and grays.

I who thrill at daring,
  Long for a dashing grace,
Hear a man say in passing,
  "That girl has a sweet face."

THE poetry lovers of America, a club meeting in Chicago, recently conducted a contest among their members, and the poem winning the first prize is published by *The Step Ladder* (Chicago):

THE QUEST

By Janet Norris Bangs

Give him Adventure's one more golden apple
When he flings back the curtains of the sun!
He is not done,
He yet has youth to grapple
With shining riders for the wreaths unwon!

Life bound him to routine of little things,
They can not weary him now he is dead,
He never dared to give the thought-bird wings—
There were so many mouths that must be fed;
And figuring two times two plus four, brought bread.
And people said, "So young, so money wise."
But I could read frustration in his eyes.

He may wear crowns for duty done, but still
With the clouds' lifting, grant him a high hill,
A wild black stallion and a call afar,
And let him venture where the heroes are
And ride, glad, strong, resplendent, unto some blazing star!

AN Italian in America and then an American in Italy speak in "The Alien" and "To One Across the Sea," the former selected from *Verse* (Philadelphia), the latter from *The Munsey Magazine:*

THE ALIEN

By Gwen Bristow

He halts his push-cart underneath a tree,
  And waits for children in the park to buy;
  He looks into the arching dome of sky,
And stands there still, remembering Italy.
A ruined temple hidden in a vine
  Of ivy climbing on its portico,
  And yonder, where the ripening olives grow,
A woman praying at a broken shrine.

He stands there still, remembering Italy.
  The woman's eyes beneath a veil of hair—
  The sun fades out, the arching sky is dark,
So dark, indeed, that he can hardly see
  That everyone has gone and left him there—
  The apple vender, waiting in the park.

TO ONE ACROSS THE SEA

By Lena Whittaker Blakeney

I send this song to you across the sea.
Here in this land of dreams called Italy
The memory of you is like a song
Through all the golden hours, as sweet as strong.
I hear your voice in dulcet melodies
Borne by the sea-tinged, blossom-scented breeze—
Your voice and the low whisper of the sea,
A minor chord of matchless harmony;
And in the multitudes that come and go,
Your face and yours alone I see, aglow
As on that magical remembered day
On a bright sea, under the sky of May.

I send this song to you across the sea
From this fair land of dreams, your Italy!

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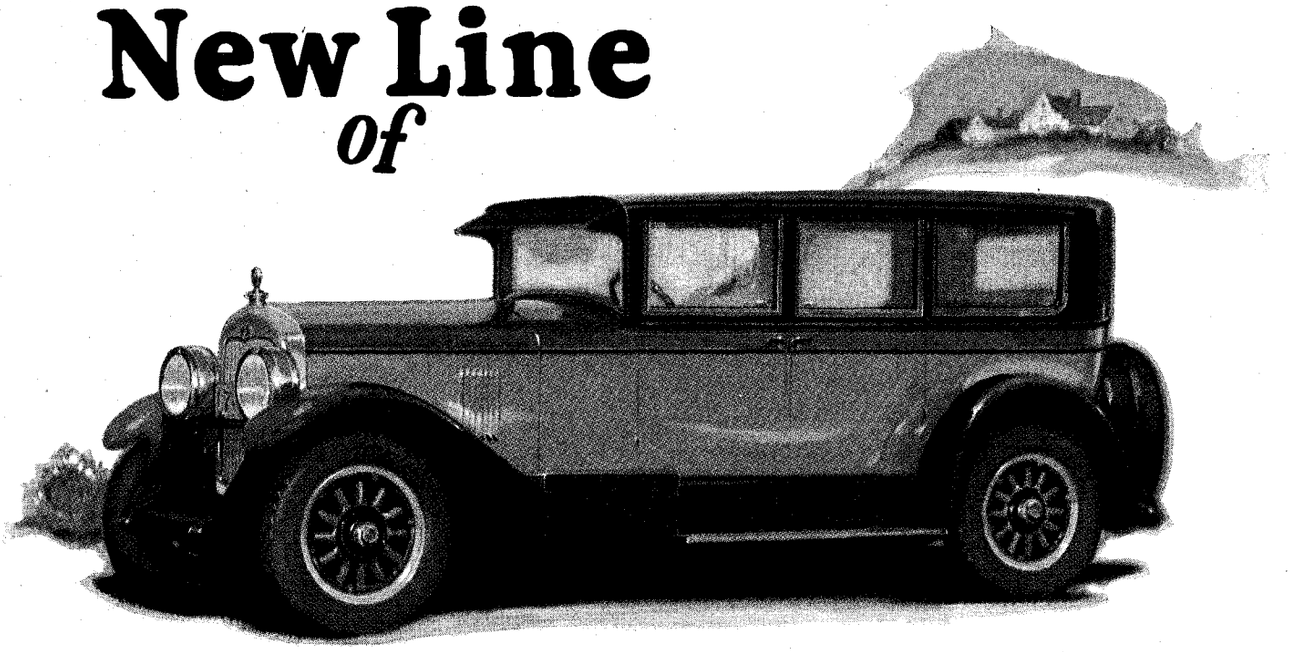
A New Line of



Cadillac Cars

The simplest, quickest way to convey to you an adequate conception of these new Cadillac cars—the most superlatively beautiful line that Cadillac has ever produced—is to record a practical and highly important fact.

Providing, by means of new engineering, a new standard of beauty, a new measure of ease and a new brilliancy of performance unequaled in Cadillac history—and true to all the fine Cadillac traditions

That fact is that in the development of these new cars, Cadillac has expended more than $2,500,000 in jigs, tools and dies alone for the *purpose of producing the finest Cadillac in history.*

All of the resources—engineering, purchasing and manufacturing—of both Cadillac and General Motors have been brought to bear upon this paramount object.

All of Cadillac's 23-year experience in manufacturing fine cars—the last 11 years with eight-cylinder cars exclusively—unites with Cadillac's latest engineering conceptions in producing this new creation.

We are certain that you will share our opinion that the new line of eight-cylinder Cadillac cars not only surpasses all others in every important essential, but goes far beyond Cadillac's previous best.

The new Cadillac cars are now being shown by Cadillac dealers everywhere.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Division of General Motors Corporation

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CONGOLEU

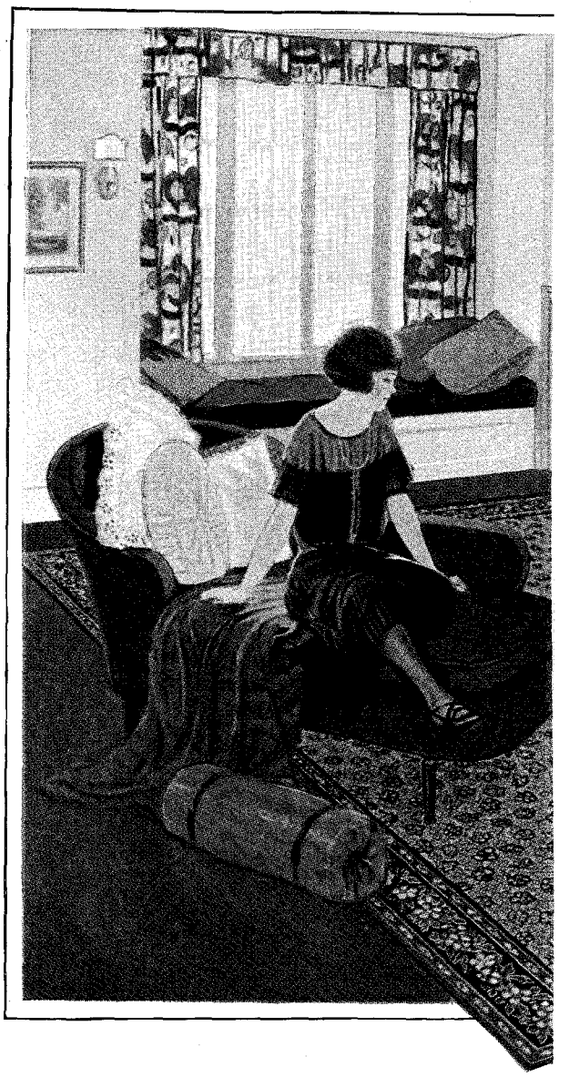
"This pretty Congoleum Rug completes my color scheme"

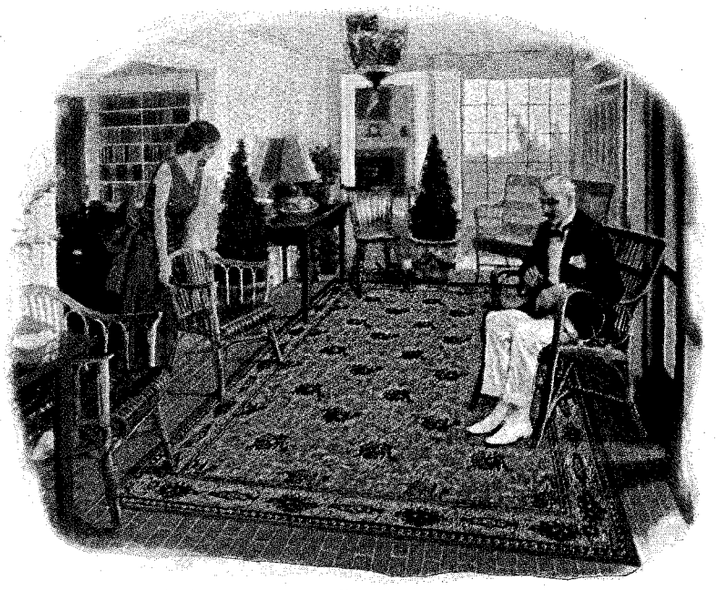
Transforming this square attic room into a dainty boudoir had been nothing short of a miracle—and she certainly did enjoy telling her guest all about it.

First she'd chosen a soft neutral tint for the walls and had enameled the woodwork and furniture ivory. Color she reserved for the big double window, which she'd draped with pretty cretonne in warm, rich hues. These colors she repeated in the pillows on the chaise longue and in the artistic floral design of the Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rug. Presto, the miracle was accomplished!

"And the best part of it," she summed up, "is that I get so much besides good looks in this Congoleum Rug. With its smooth, dustproof surface, a damp mop will clean it in two minutes!

"You don't have to tack it down, either—it lies perfectly flat of its own accord and never rumples or curls up. And you'll be surprised how amazingly inexpensive it was."





Above is shown Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 396

Free Booklet

Anne Lewis Pierce has written a charmingly illustrated booklet, "*Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Rugs*," that treats of your floor-covering problems in a new and delightfully interesting way.

A real inspiration to women who demand beauty as well as comfort and convenience in their homes. The text shows an intimate understanding of the various problems considered.

There are reproductions, also, of all the beautiful patterns of Congoleum Art-Rugs, shown in full color. Your copy will gladly be sent free on request.

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GOLD-SEAL

ART-RUGS

Above is shown Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 544

Patterns of rare charm— for every room in the home!

If it's a new rug for the living or dining-room, you can choose from richly colored Oriental or floral motifs. For bedrooms, there are many restful effects in dainty pastel shades.

And for kitchens, most women prefer the neat tile or wood-block reproductions in blue and white or tan and white. Then, too, there are appropriate designs for halls, pantries and bathrooms.

Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rugs offer every first-rate quality: beauty and variety of design and color; a surface that is waterproof, sanitary and easily cleaned with a few strokes of a damp mop.

With all these advantages Congoleum Rugs are very inexpensive. Their low cost and extreme durability make them the most economical floor-covering you can buy. They are made in many different sizes—from small mats to room-size rugs.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans Cleveland
London Paris Rio de Janeiro

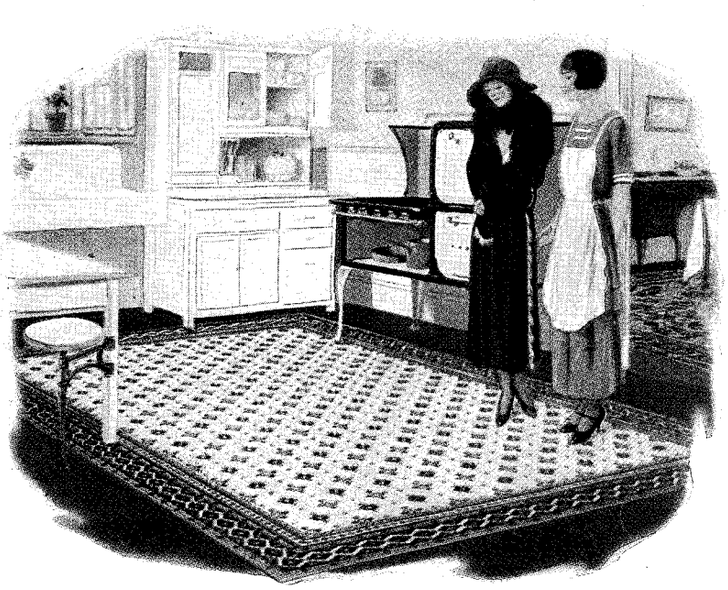
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy.



Above is shown Congoleum Gold-Seal Rug No. 408

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FIFTY YEARS AGO

WHEN HEINZ WAS JUST BEGINNING—

More than fifty years ago, when the house of Heinz was yet young, women were just as proud of their skill in cooking, and their well-kept kitchens, as are the women of today.

But today's housewife has advantages unknown fifty years ago. She is helped by devices that simplify her work. Foods all ready to serve are at her instant command. Services by outside organizations are always available.

These give her more time for other activities while enabling her to maintain the old-time standards of housekeeping.

In the realm of foods she knows how faithfully the highest of all standards are perpetuated in the Heinz kitchens.

Here foods are carried in glass and silver lined containers. Flowers bloom in every window. Sunlight floods every nook and corner. Competent girls in immaculate costumes, and with faultless hands, preside over every operation.

Knowing this, she serves Heinz 57 Varieties with the same confidence in their purity and flavor that her grandmother had in the foods prepared in her own kitchen . . . H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

When you come to Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens

New Salad-making recipe booklet sent for four cents in stamps

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PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

A 98-POUND HEROINE WHO TREMBLES ONLY FOR OTHERS

THE CHAMPION ALL-AROUND COWGIRL of the world is also handy with a needle and can put the skill in skillet. The idol of the West, she is described as weighing but ninety-eight pounds, being a fond wife and mother, and having "a daring gleam in the dark blue centers of her wonderful eyes." She is in her middle twenties, we are told, and "isn't afraid of anything on earth except another's danger." Her amazing feat in roping and hogtying a steer in twenty-four seconds, thereby eclipsing all previous records and setting a mark that rodeo experts think may never be surpassed, is described by an eyewitness, Clem Yore, who remarks:

"If you think the West does not love her, start panning her in any of the twelve Western States—but leave the gate open so that you can get out."

In a spirit of outspoken enthusiasm for the slender, comely little girl-mother, Mabel Strickland, who has thus beaten the toughest of plainsmen at one of their most characteristic "stunts," Mr. Yore gives a picture of the annual festival, "Frontier Days of Cheyenne," at which, in addition to the record-breaking performance mentioned above, she executed other exacting and dangerous feats. Writing in *Collier's*, he quotes the voice of the announcer heralding the champion cowgirl's appearance.

"Look! Look! Ladies and gentlemen! The next event will take place in the center of the arena. Mabel Strickland, Champion All-Around Cowgirl of the World, riding Kiss Yourself Good-by! Miss Strickland is now walking toward her bronc. She's the girl with the big white hat—the one who looks like a yearlin'!"

Out of the amplifiers came the announcer's voice, and thirty thousand heads turned to see their idol fight one of the sassiest brones that ever came out of the sage.

I was standing close by the trim little woman, half-child she seemed, as she laid a hand on the arm of Hugh Strickland, her husband, and smiled into his face—Mabel Strickland—the pride of the West.

No word passed between these two, yet the next instant might see an army ambulance carrying off the broken form of this daring woman. Hugh held her stirrup; she flashed to the saddle; the gunny-sack was jerked aside, and Kiss Yourself Good-by unwound. Old hands looked out of grim eyes at what the horse let loose.

He sunfished, whirled, hit the grit with all four on a spot a hat would cover; tore away in mad half-falls and torturing, stiff-legged bucks, but the silken-garbed figure on his back rode him ragged and repeat; and scraped him, neck, shoulder and flanks, with both feet; and she never lost her smile. Then a gun barked, and a pick-up man reached out and took her off. She had ridden Kiss Yourself Good-by, full time, perfectly. I wish you could have heard the bellow that went up from that crowd. It was a contagious thing: a quality of tone that set one's heart to pounding; that spelled wonder to every person there.

Charles Irwin, standing at my elbow, with his immense body, jumped into the air like a boy, pulled off his seven X hat, flung it to the grass, and lit with both feet squarely on its crown. Seventy-five dollars were bent under those butterfly boots. Charlie let loose everything he had. And he can't whisper.

"Doggone!" he yelled, "I've seen 'em all, but this gal's got 'em plumb beat. I'm shore glad I'm due to die before I see a flock of these gals sittin' th' wild ones silly an' ridin' th' top hands to a fare-thee-well at their own game. Didn't Mabel ride that man-killer, top, bottom an' sideways? Didn't she? Eeeeeeyip!"

That Western crowd took up that cry, Eeeeeeyip!

Mabel ran across the field, bowed, waved her immense white sombrero, threw kisses at the stands, then sought a shady spot and hid. Her shyness is beautiful to see.

On top of which came an incident which called forth the intrepid young woman's tender solicitude for a comrade in danger. Out in the center of the field, Dick Langley was "high-tailin' it for the stars" from the back of Sundance. The narrative goes on:

As Dick clawed the air, Mabel clutched her husband's hand. I saw the tenderness of a woman flash into her eyes as she thought Langley was about to be hurt, but when he picked himself up and waved farewell to Sundance, now bucking riderless down the field, Mabel shouted a word of praise to the cowboy spanking dirt out of his bat-winged chaps. That's Mabel! Always hoping nobody's hurt.

"I have the same thrills the people have in the stands," she said to me once, at Pendleton, "when one of the boys is riding. They're such desperate fellows, these boys, that I'm always excited when they turn a bad one like Sundance out of the chutes."

Bonnie Grey, standing near by, smiled at Mabel, and Bonnie Grey is a woman rodeo hand that is, in some things, of a class by herself. Said Bonnie: "That's all right, Mabel, but these old hands have the shivers whenever you fork the bad ones. Just braid a loop on that, old dear."

Presently Mabel joined the cowgirls and boy trick riders, and with her wonderful horse jogged down the track and with the others raced past the grandstand, each entrant doing some mad feat at the utmost speed.

There's a difference between the old-lady lope of a circus mare, groomed slick and slender, and the gallop of a cowgirl at a rodeo. These girls are showing off to riders, not children. They get everything out of a horse that is in it; they evolve tricks that are especially designed to shock and thrill because of the apparent danger. They crawl all the way under the horse; dropping down one side, reaching through for a stirrup, grasping a ring with a hand and coming up on the other side—sometimes the flying hoofs miss the head a fraction of an inch. Mabel is the best trick rider in the world, in my opinion. And from the hand she gets, everywhere, plenty more think as I do.

The petite amazon's record-breaking feat seems to have occurred without warning, merely as an incident of the day's work. We read:

After the fancy riding, roping, and clowning, Mabel changed saddles and rode down to the steer chutes waiting for her turn at the steer-roping.

In this event each contestant must rope and hogtie three feet, crossed. The animal must be roped, thrown and hogtied within one and one-half minutes, or the contestant withdraws at a signal from the judges. Steer must be caught by both horns, head, half-head or neck, and may include one front foot. To catch a steer in any other manner disqualifies the roper; two wraps and a half-hitch to tie.

When her steer came tearing out of the pens, Lawton Champi of Hot Springs, Arizona, champion cowboy rider of the world, turned to me and said, "If she ties onto that baby, somebody better be there with a basket." But he did not finish.

As the steer flashed across the whitewashed line and a starter's flag dropt, giving her the signal to begin, she touched her immense cow pony with a spur, and she was off. The tiny child—she seemed just this—swinging a rope and shaking out a small, well-formed loop as she rode, stilled that enormous crowd instantly. A cow bellowed somewhere, the dust spiraled along the ground, and Mabel bent low over her pony's neck racing like the wind, then—

A flash of flying hemp, a graceful curving strand, pure white in the westering sun, and the steer was jerked high in the air and thrown full length to a perfect "bust."

"That's bustin' it!" yelled Eddie McCarty, who helped Tex Austin put over his show in London.

"He'll stay down now!" screamed Oklahoma Curly. "Lord! Look!"

Mabel had lit running and was jerking a tie rope from her girdle. In a rapid series of perfect motions she had wrapt up that steer, and it was ready for delivery. Hugh Strickland was so amazed that when he leaped from his horse at her side, he stood transfixt.

When her time of twenty-four seconds was announced, it was seen that she had broken the world's record. The best hands I know say that her act will never be equaled.

The Fort Russell cavalry band began playing "Hail! Hail!

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The Gang's All Here!" One blast we heard, then the roar from the crowds drowned out all else; cowgirls ran to congratulate her; cowboys jammed ten deep around her and slung facetious compliments at her by the bushel.

Hugh Strickland's face was a study indeed. He had taught that girl to use a lasso. Three years before she did not know how.

Men whose shirts held the gold medals of former days, some twenty-five years gone by, surged about the little woman champion, jostled her about and in their rough way almost made her cry. She knew! So did everybody else! What they were doing was the most eloquent tribute any act of hers had yet evoked. That was the first time I ever saw Mabel Strickland's lip tremble, and I've been watching her for years.

It might be thought that the record-breaking heroine had done a fair day's work. But not for the Cheyenne cow show! Mr. Yore tells us:

Mabel crowded over to the rail for the relay race.

Here's an attraction which brings the crowd to its feet and keeps it there. The race is one and a half miles, and is the most grueling contest imaginable. Each rider has two assistants: one to hold and one to catch; saddles to weigh not less than twenty-five pounds; riders to make changes in their own fashion, unassisted.

Lorena Trickey and Mabel Strickland are the champions at this game and fight out a daily battle all over the country in the summer; one day Lorena leads, the next Mabel, and it is a battle right to the finish always.

Lorena rides her own string and Mabel that of the Irwin Show Company.

These horses are high-spirited thoroughbreds, and become frantic with vexation as they see their companions coming in to the change place. The riders dart to a fresh horse, after the half-mile track has been run, dismount, pull off and put on saddles, fly into position and dart away on the second leg. The third lap is sheer frenzy, and always gives the prettiest imaginable exhibition of foxy riding. Lord help the girl who goes down with her mount at certain spots in that grind! When the race is over they can scarcely breathe, and for a time are incapable of speech.

Jap Edmonds and Kenneth Miller and Tom Yarbury, three famous relay riders in their day, have told me that nothing in the riding or cowboy life so completely exhausts a man as relay riding; yet Mabel Strickland has been doing it for years.

That day she beat Lorena. "But the contest was not over till it was plumb done," as I heard Shorty Kelso say to Doubleday, the rodeo photographer.

After that performance the Squaws' race took place, and then came the bulldogging and Mabel crowded to the rail. Fox Hastings, the only woman bulldogger in the world, was riding by and waved a hand to Mabel.

"Howdy, honey!" she said. "You oughta quit that relay riding—that's dangerous."

Mabel smiled. But the next moment she screamed.

Fox had leaped from her flying pony and had lit with her breast on the neck of a racing steer being hazed by her husband, Mike Hastings; the long, slender fingers of Fox grasped the wide-spread horns of the steer, and down it went in a blinding dust cloud. When the stand could see what was going on, Fox Hastings had bulldogged her steer.

And here the writer remarks a singular paradox in the attitudes of these queens of the saddle toward one another's pet daredeviltries. The bulldogging act, we learn, "appals Mabel," who considers it "the most desperate thing a man or woman can do." Yet Fox Hastings, the bulldogging amazon, "shivers when she sees Mabel ride against Lorena Trickey." Mr. Yore tells us that winners at Cheyenne gain incomes of from $20,000 to $50,000 a year. He continues:

After the bulldogging (and here other world records were broken, for green hands were putting 'em down under ten and twelve seconds, to the disgust of such old bulldoggers as Slim Caskey, Shorty Kelso, Jim Massey, Ed Wright and Harry Bowles) the wild-horse race finished the day.

The latest "Frontier Days of Cheyenne" were over and the town had slipt into its second season. As an old citizen said to me, "Cheyenne has two seasons, brother: Frontier Days and winter."

But with the close of those four days came the end to old marks. Yakima Canutt had been uncrowned king and Paddy Ryan raised to the throne as champion bronc fighter of the world.

R. R. Doubleday photograph. Copyrighted

THE GIRL PRIDE OF THE WEST ASTRIDE A MAN-KILLER

"He sunfished, whirled, hit the grit with all four on a spot a hat would cover, tore away in mad falls and torturing, stiff-legged bucks."

That last night Mabel and Hugh and I sat in a room and talked. And this is what I learned:

Mabel Strickland is a home-loving woman. Her ambition for her child April, born on the first day of that month, is to make an extraordinary dancer of her.

"I don't want her to follow my game," she said. "It's too hard for a woman, and then, maybe, when she is old enough there won't be any contests." Hugh smiled. I believe he has other ideas.

"What are your ideas on matrimony?" I asked. "They say a celebrity such as you can not have a happy home."

"Shucks!" she said in withering disgust. "Performers are like any other people. My religion about marriage is this: If a woman just loves, she'd better stay single. If she is capable of real affection for the man she loves, let her marry, show business or no show business. Now, here's the way it is with Hugh and me: He's a one-woman man, and—well, I'm a one-man woman. My home is my heaven. I don't care for these high-faluting ideas for women. I don't care about mixing in the dirty mess called politics. I don't want to learn how to be half a man."

I smiled, and she saw the point.

"I know," she laughed, "you think I'm a paradox. But I belong in the saddle, for I've been there since I was three. I love the open, dogs, horses, a gun, the trees, flowers. Rain on the roof or any weather is like music to me. Still, I love dresses and everything that goes with them. I can't tolerate the mannish woman any more than I can stand the womanish man. I don't chew, smoke, drink or get on the front pages of New York, Chicago or Washington newspapers. In my Fort Worth home I have all I want, and my friends, both men and women, are just as human, just as sweet and dear to me as those of any other woman.

"Hugh's my husband, and that doesn't mean maybe; he's my manager, and he's a bird; he's my daddy sweetheart and we're pals right down to the last old heel of our boots. And when you slide in my baby girl, April, there you have it, full and complete, hog-tied and ready for any old judge to look 'em over. I'm a rider, roper, and trick horsewoman, because God gave me the ability to please others and earn a large amount. Hugh is as great in his class as I am in my field and, I think, the foxiest, hardest-riding, surest old top hand in the business; and when he puts the ink to a contract for us there isn't anything cute above the signatures that will keep the money from our little April. Now I've told it all.

"Come on and let's go over to the Plains Hotel and get a good T-bone steak."

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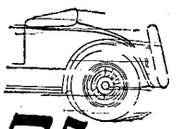
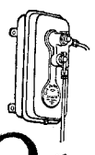


75 Horse Power

Duotone DUCO Colors



Oil filter

Fisher CLOSED Bodies
LATEST and MOST BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS

AND MANY OTHER DISTINCTIVE FEATURES

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Again

Buick has built a *better* Automobile

See it August 1st at any Buick showroom

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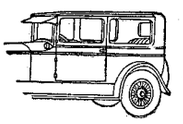
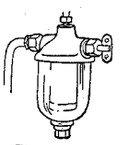
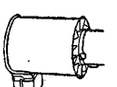


4 AND 2 door sedans

4 APPROVED Wheel Brakes



Gas filter



Air Cleaner

AND MANY OTHER DISTINCTIVE FEATURES

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FAMILY LIFE ON A MODERN ARK

NOAH'S CHILDREN didn't have to leave the Ark every morning to go to school. Thereby they escaped the perplexities of children brought up on a railroad barge, who go to school in the morning in blissful ignorance of where "home" will be when it is time to go home in the afternoon. It is a relief to learn, from *The New York Central Lines Magazine*, that by a special arrangement with the school-teachers the pupils who live afloat are notified where to climb on board after school hours. Or, if that happens to be impossible, one of their parents will go and fetch them. We read:

The prosaic-looking barges of the New York Central's Marine Department are good for other things besides the carrying of freight between the railroads on land and the ships, incoming and outgoing. According to "Captain" Harry Pillinger, of the barge *Dayton*, a barge is a good place on which to rear a family of youngsters. And he should know, for he is the proud father of five, three of whom were born on the barge itself, and all of whom know no other home than the little houseboat on which the bargeman lives, and no other playground than the docks and the choppy shore-line of Manhattan.

"Captain" Pillinger was standing with his wife and children on the deck of the *Dayton* when a visitor called on him recently. The barge was tied at Pier 39, North River, New York.

"You may not think so," said Pillinger, "but I'd rather raise my family of children on a barge than on land. They have never been sick a day in their lives. They get more fresh air than kids who live in town. And they learn to look out for themselves—to shin around over this old boat like they were in a playground.

"Why, just the other day we were towed alongside the big *Olympic* to put on some freight, and it was time for the kids to go to school. They had to climb up over the ship and on to the docks that way.

"But that didn't scare my kids! You ought to have seen them shin up that rope-ladder over the side of that big ship and run along to school."

When their father sends them off to school in the morning from, say, the foot of Liberty Street, they may receive word later in the day that their home has moved to somewhere on the East River, or the Battery, or Hoboken. But it's all one to the youngsters, for they know they will be called for at the proper time and taken to their houseboat.

"And there's another advantage to living on a barge," continued Pillinger. "And that is the rent you can save. It's been twelve years since I first went to work for the New York Central, and I want to tell you that no company could have treated me fairer than they have. For, see here: We don't have to pay any rent; our coal and wood is furnished to us free, as is our fresh water. Then, besides that, the company always tries to give me the North River piers to work, because it's more convenient for my family."

Adventures come to the floating population that dwell in our modern arks, as we are told:

The bargeman and his family have exciting times on occasion. Storm and hail and blizzard and the grinding together of the craft in the harbor—these are things which every bargeman takes as a matter of course, as part of the daily routine.

Pillinger told the visitor of one terrible hail-storm that drove fiercely down across the Hoboken yards, back in 1916—in mid-summer! destroying many barges and other craft in the harbor.

Mrs. Pillinger spoke up just then and told of a time during that terrible winter of 1917, when the country was at war.

"I was awakened one night by some one calling; I could hear his voice above the storm. My husband had gone to the city, so I got up in my nightclothes and went to the door and looked out. There was a man in a skiff with a woman, bouncing up and down on top of the big propeller of an interned German ship that was anchored close by. He had lost an oar and could not make any headway and was calling for help. The snow and sleet were coming down like the mischief! My husband came in just then, and we went out and dragged the pair on the barge and gave them some hot coffee.

"It turned out to be the captain of the German boat and his wife. They were going on shore to spend Sunday. How that German did cuss! He kept swearing at me and my husband and all the time telling us not to mind him, as he was drunk. He promised us a reward, but of course we never got it!"

During the war New York Central barges were used for transporting troops from land, in the dead of night, and onto the waiting ships to carry them to France. And many a time has Pillinger taken his barge down the river, under the cover of darkness—looking for all the world like a harmless load of freight—but in reality bearing a hundred or two young khaki-clad soldiers bound overseas!

A "PIPE-DREAM" PIPE STORY

NEITHER A CORNCOB nor a clay pipe was ever smoked by Mrs. Zachary Taylor, in the White House, or elsewhere, according to the latest commentator on that "ridiculous yarn," as he calls it. So far from Mrs. Taylor's having been a President's wife of "humble background," as set forth not long since in an article in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, she is represented, on abundant historical testimony, including that of the second Mrs. Jefferson Davis, as "a refined woman, of austere and dignified manners, but warm and kindly nature," who had a special repugnance for tobacco, and would not permit it to be smoked in her home. The origin of the pipe legend, which comes to life every little while (either with clay or corncob trimmings), is traced by Trist Wood, writing on the subject in the New Orleans *Item-Tribune* to one G. H. Yenowine, who in 1892 enshrined it in a magazine article. The story was scouted at great length by the second Mrs. Jefferson Davis in a syndicated newspaper article, but it was recently revived in a book by Mrs. Hilda M. Colman—"Seventy-five Years of White House Gossip," and the *Ledger's* article was based on Mrs. Colman's book. Of Mrs. Davis's defense we learn:

After setting forth Mrs. Taylor's distinguished ancestry from the time of Richard Smith, the Attorney-General, first of the family in this country, she writes: "The family were wealthy, and also people of fashion. One of Mrs. Taylor's brothers, Col. Richard Smith, was in the Marine Corps, and was most admiringly remembered thirty years ago as one of the handsomest and most popular officers of his day. Two other brothers were planters of large means in Mississippi. Mrs. Taylor's two sisters, who moved to Kentucky, married two brothers of the old Chew family, so well and favorably known in Maryland."

She describes Mrs. Taylor as follows:

"Mrs. Taylor was not only a conspicuously calm, courageous woman, but she was one of the most refined women of her day, and one who was never heard 'moaning' about anything. Her dignity was supreme, and so well sustained under all circumstances that no one would have had the temerity to take a liberty with her. Her aversion to tobacco in any shape was so great that none of her family was ever able to smoke in her presence."

After noting that Mrs. Taylor's friends, "respected as much as they admired her for her fortitude, gentle, refined demeanor, and Christian life," Mrs. Davis continues: "Her health had failed very much before the General's inauguration, and she found herself unable to sit through the routine of the long state dinners which must be given at the Executive Mansion, or even to walk up and down stairs to attend the receptions, and her husband was unwilling for her to undergo the strain upon her exhausted frame. The writer knew her first at this time, and always found the most pleasant part of her visit to be that passed in Mrs. Taylor's pretty, bright room, where the invalid, full of interest in the passing show, in which she had not strength to take her place, talked most agreeably and kindly to every one of the many friends who were admitted to her presence. She always appeared at the family dinners, to which a few friends were unceremoniously bidden, of which many charming ones were given during General Taylor's administration, and ably bore her share in the conversation at the table. The President, once, at one of these dinners, at which the writer was present, after telling an anecdote of his army life in which his wife had taken part, turned to Senator Jefferson Davis and said, 'You know my wife was as much of a soldier as I was!'" Mrs. Davis adds that his every look and tone spoke the respect he felt for his wife, and proceeds to pour ridicule on Yenowine by asserting that neither the President nor any of Mrs. Taylor's friends had ever heard her "moaning to the accompaniment of her pipe."

The writer in the New Orleans paper remarks that the corncob story in *The Ledger* has been "spread through the length and breadth of the land" by virtue of its having been quoted in THE LITERARY DIGEST of May 9, and he emphasizes Mrs. Taylor's dislike of tobacco on the testimony of her grandson, Col.

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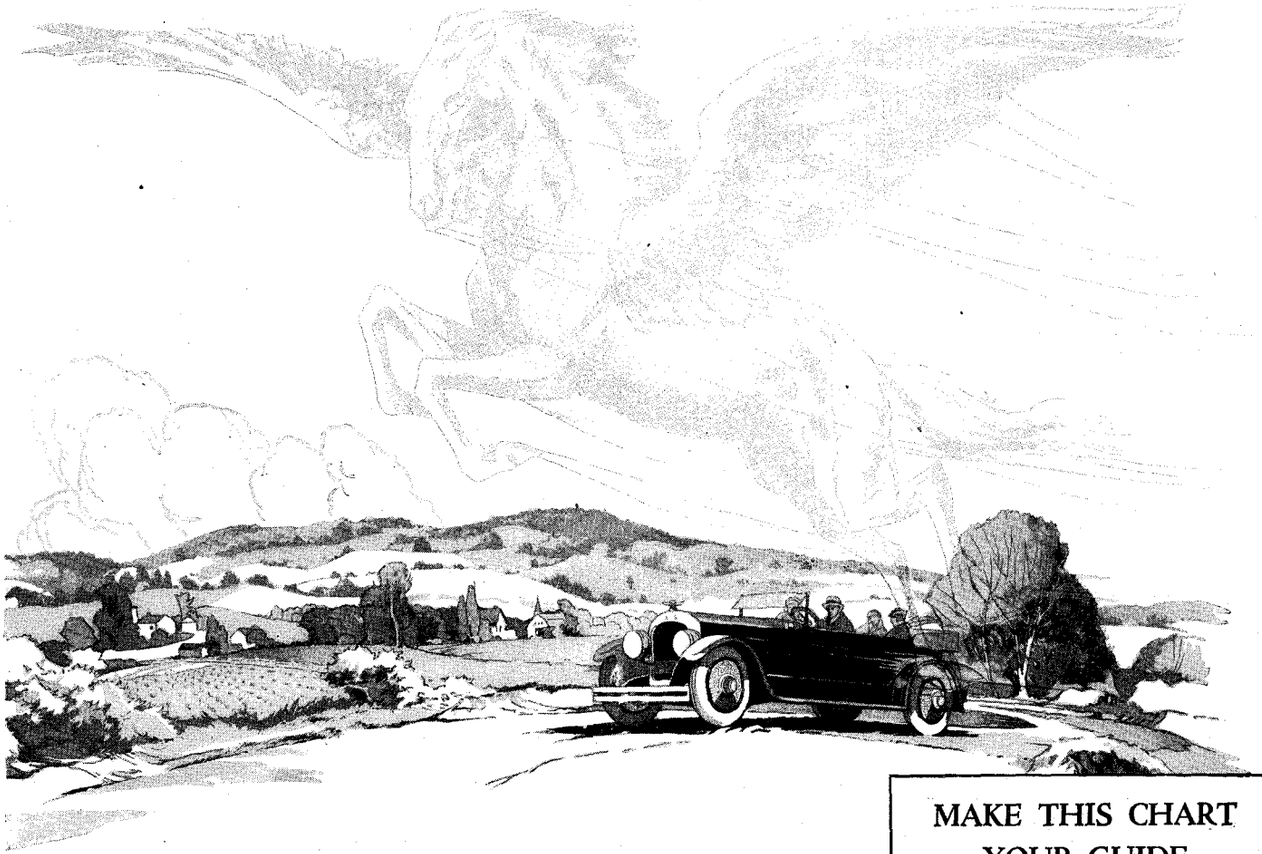


Winged Engines

The high cost of less than Mobiloil protection

LET'S get straight on economy.

With less than Mobiloil protection motorists may easily run up an extra $100 worth of repairs in 5,000 miles of running.

This hundred dollars spread over 5,000 miles *adds* TWO CENTS *to the cost of every mile run.*

The price difference per mile between the cheapest oil and Mobiloil is infinitesimally small. But that hair's difference determines the size of your repair bills. Incorrect or poor lubrication is responsible for over half of all engine repair expense.

In lubricating value Mobiloil is unusually rich. This is due to:

(1) *specialization in lubrication;*

(2) selection of crude stocks entirely for *lubricating* value;

(3) refining methods which preserve intact the *lubricating* value so necessary to thorough protection of all frictional surfaces.

Dealers who specialize in low-cost mileage

Mobiloil costs a few cents more per gallon—but less per mile. The dealer who recommends Mobiloil recommends low-cost mileage. With less than Mobiloil protection your cost per mile must certainly run higher. You can't save your oil pennies and your automobiling dollars at the same time.

Through low-cost mileage alone, five motorists now ask for Mobiloil to every one who asks for some other brand.

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

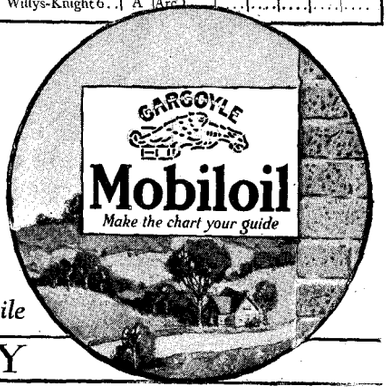
MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" (*other mod's.*)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" (*other mod's.*)	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Star	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....



The sign to lowest cost per mile

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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Robert C. Wood, who was brought up in the household of Gen. and Mrs. Zachary Taylor, and left an account of them. Mr. Wood writes:

He pictured his grandfather as easy-going and indulgent. Their grandmother, on the contrary, was a strict disciplinarian, and intolerant of the slightest breach of good manners. He wrote of her as one to whom was accorded "the highest place among the stately, dignified and accomplished dames of her day."

NEED A DINOSAUR IN YOUR BUSINESS?

PERHAPS A PLESIOSAURUS THAT WAGS ITS TAIL would attract customers to your store or playgoers to your theater. To build an automatically performing dinosaur costs $35,000, we read, and yet there is such a demand for monsters of the kind that the supplying of them has become a stabilized industry. This is the more easily understood when we learn that a forty-seven-foot dinosaur drew 400,000 sightseers to a Newark (N. J.) store during the last Christmas shopping season. Donald MacGregor writes in *The Nation's Business* of an enterprising firm that devotes itself entirely to making, selling and renting these terrifying creations. We read:

When the telephone rang, Joseph Damon swung around in his chair and answered.

"Hello—yes—hello," he said. "You want one hundred dinosaurs? Small size? Yes, yes, we'll supply them, but we can't get them ready for you as soon as that. Week after next at the earliest. We've got a big order of elephants that simply must be delivered. Oh, if you insist, we might let you have ten dinosaurs by the first of the week and the others later. All right. Thanks."

He hung up the receiver and made a memorandum.

"Everybody wants everything in a hurry," said he. "That was a motion-picture company after a hundred dinosaurs to advertise a film showing a lot of prehistoric animals. We made them a dinosaur a couple of weeks ago for a lobby display here in New York that drew so much business that they're using the same idea all over the country. Maybe you saw the dinosaur, in front of the Astor Theater?"

I had seen the animal, about twelve feet long, arching his neck at intervals, heaving his sides as if breathing, and swinging his tail impatiently; in fact, that had prompted me to visit the most peculiar manufacturing establishment in the country.

A large giraffe stood in one corner calmly watching an ugly baboon drest in a funny red and blue coat; a buffalo in another corner nodded his head monotonously; two clowns in spangles were playing with a sea lion, one dangling a fish just outside his reach, while the other tried to amuse him by getting out of a chair, standing on his hands and returning to the chair again. Through a door that led into the factory some workmen could be seen putting a coat on Benjamin Franklin.

All these were samples of the products of a firm that will undertake the construction of anything from an automatic mastodon to a brilliantly colored Egyptian vase. The objects are intended for display, to attract the buying public.

Department stores in the larger cities are the chief purchasers, altho motion-picture concerns and the better-known theatrical managers offer a considerable market. The output of the plant may be found adorning the windows or serving as the central feature of the toy departments of mercantile establishments from coast to coast.

Wealthier concerns often buy and resell to those that can not afford the outlay in the first instance. A life-size elephant bought by a store in Philadelpha, Pennsylvania, one year may be shown in a store in New Philadelphia, Ohio, the next.

This modern Noah's Ark, which is an ally of the retail interests of the country, had a typical American beginning. Its founders were pioneers. George Messmore, as a stage hand in Detroit, had a genius for building mechanical contrivances. Joseph Damon, in Mt. Vernon, Illinois, had been a butcher's boy who wanted to be an artist. They went to New York City fifteen years ago; since they had no money for railroad fare, they rode on freight trains.

They had to struggle along with odd jobs at first, but eventually found work constructing parade floats and decorations for fairs and expositions. The work was profitable, so they formed a hit-and-miss partnership and traveled over the country for a few years, visiting cities that were to have celebrations.

These earnest young men did not confine themselves to the reconstruction of zoological freaks. They stood ready to supply any kind of decoration that anybody wanted, "from a triumphal arch to a plaster elk." Mr. MacGregor continues:

In need of a steadier income, they opened a two-man shop in New York City, to build window displays for stores. That there was a market for these they had learned while touring the country. They intended to sell papier-maché figures, on which might be draped silks and similar goods, together with any special features that the stores might want.

Messmore was the salesman and Damon remained in the shop to do the work. In a short time orders came so fast that extra help had to be employed; and now, seven years afterward, the shop has grown into a modern and highly specialized factory, with half a dozen departments for building mechanical animals and other store displays, and a large stock that includes 100 parade wagons.

"Our first experiment with mechanical animals," Mr. Damon explained, "was with a monkey that stuck out his tongue. That was built, soon after we opened our shop, for one of the New York stores that wanted something to attract attention to its toy department. Compared with the mechanical animals on the market to-day, it wasn't much, but it gave us an idea.

"My experience as a butcher's boy, together with some knowledge of animal anatomy acquired in the New York art school, to which I had won a scholarship, had given me a good basis for modeling. When we were touring around the country we had encountered a number of Elks' conventions and carnivals, and of course built no end of elks. We had built other animals, too.

"From the time we constructed the monkey we got plenty of orders for automatic animals. Our next venture was a donkey that would kick up his heels. And from that, in the last seven years, we've gone all the way up to the big dinosaur we had in the store in Newark."

Mr. Damon produced a picture of the dinosaur.

"This animal," he continued, "is forty-seven feet long and nine and a half feet high, altho he lifts his head fifteen feet. He was in a suitable setting, a kind of swamp, near which was a grass hut where an operator, with an electrical switchboard, handled ten motors that provided the movements. Among other things, the neck swings back and forth, the sides heave at intervals to create the illusion of breathing, the eyes open and close, the tongue flops around in the mouth, and the tail switches up and down and across.

"What does a store have to pay for an animal of that sort?" I asked.

"That was rented to the store," Mr. Damon replied. "Ordinarily we sell the animals outright, but not the dinosaur. We intend also to rent the mastodon we have under construction."

He led the way into the factory where half a dozen men and women were binding together a wicker framework, basketlike, while two or three others were tinkering with a jointed trunk that will be electrically operated.

"This mastodon," he explained, "is to be thirty feet long and built in proportion. It also will follow the lines of a skeleton in the American Museum of Natural History. In addition to having a moving trunk, tail, eyes, tongue, and all, it will have a general swaying motion and, altogether, it will be equipped with thirteen motors."

But even the lure of the prehistoric monster, we learn, does not draw the public affection away from the peanut-eating Jumbo of the circus. The manufacturer confessed that elephants were the most popular of mechanical beasts, saying:

"In toy departments they appear to hold the greatest interest for children, altho we have found that group figures, which include clowns with dogs or donkeys, are very much in demand. In certain kinds of light and at a distance it is difficult to tell one of the synthetic elephants from the real thing.

"The first principle of getting a crowd to a window or toy display is a sweeping motion that will attract the eye. After that the spectator is interested in details. He will marvel at the quivering of the nostrils, when that probably has been the easiest thing to supply.

"Concerns all over the country are continually giving us special orders involving details that are hard to provide. For instance, a bank wanted something to show in its window on thrift week. A figure of Benjamin Franklin was suggested.

"Franklin was to be seated at a desk, writing. His right hand was to move across a sheet of paper and stop, while his left hand was to be lifted to his forehead as if he were thinking. Then the hand was to be dropt, while the right hand returned to its original position, across the page. That was a tough mechanical job, but we were finally able to figure it out. We put in gears to provide the writing motion, and then released the hand so it could move back across the page."

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CHRYSLER SIX

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRA
Springfield, Missouri

Why Chrysler Six Owners Find Greater Enjoyment in Motoring

On every hand you will hear Chrysler owners, many of whom have owned or now own cars far higher in price, declare there is no possible substitute for the dashing brilliancy of the Chrysler Six.

Women of taste—both those who seek restful riding and those who enjoy zestful driving—find that Chrysler ease of handling, roadability and smoothness give a new pleasure to motoring.

The reason, of course, is that the Chrysler Six in its steadiness, safety and security, strips away every element of nervous strain. Instead of sluggishness, it charms with an eager swiftness. It offers compact roominess in place of cumbersome heaviness. Balloon tires, Chrysler-designed spring suspension and Watson stabilators which eliminate all the shock of road inequalities, replace the usual wearing tension with the luxury of perfect comfort.

Seven-bearing crankshaft and camshaft combine with perfect balance to give the Chrysler Six a soothing smoothness of operation. Such engineering advances as Purolator, which filters the crankcase oil as the motor runs; the air-cleaner, which keeps all dust and road dirt out of carburetor and motor; Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes, which add the final factor of safety, give to Chrysler motoring a new and unequaled delight.

Low to the ground, lithe and graceful, every line and contour is restful to the eye. Here is a new style and beauty—distinctively Chrysler—which fittingly expresses the inherent fineness, high quality and superior craftsmanship which make Chrysler value unapproachable.

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to have you experience the revelations and thrills of the Chrysler Six type of motoring.

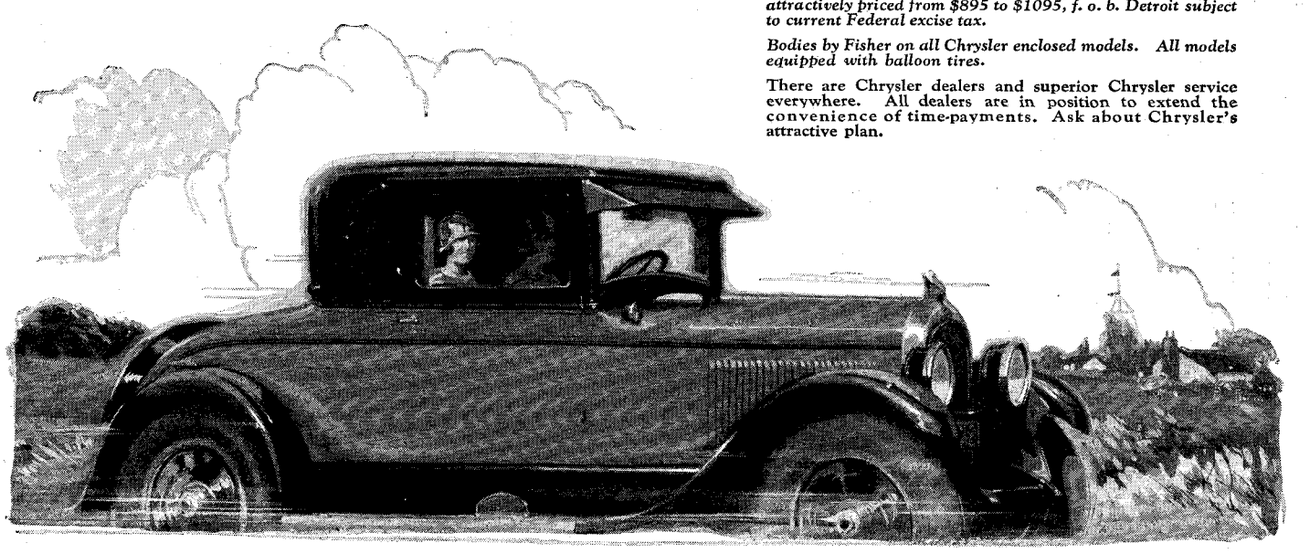
CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Touring Car, Phaeton, Coach, Roadster, Sedan, Royal Coupe, Brougham, Imperial and Crown-Imperial—attractively priced from $1395 to $2195, f. o. b. Detroit subject to current Federal excise tax.

Chrysler Four—Touring Car, Club Coupe, Coach and Sedan—attractively priced from $895 to $1095, f. o. b. Detroit subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.



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TRAILING THE CREDIT CROOKS

"THUGS AND CRIMINALS OF VIOLENCE haven't gumption enough to be anything else," says Charles D. West, adding, "Show me a man who can rob only with the aid of a gun or a lead pipe, and I'll show you a fool." West specializes in running down credit crooks, we are told, and is known as "Zephon." According to George Witten, the "little, round-faced man with a big smile looks more like a Methodist minister than like the popular conception of Sherlock Holmes," but "Sherlock hasn't got much on him." Writing of him in *Everybody's*, Mr. Witten goes on to say:

West will tell you that he is not a detective, yet he has detected more crime and unearthed more criminals than most of the best-known detectives in this country. At one time he was the terror of railroad bandits, but for the past eight years he has been running down credit crooks. He says it takes more brains to land a credit crook than any other class of criminal, and he ought to know, because he has handled all classes of crime. Credit crimes are intricate and subtle; the thieving is done by brain work, and the evidence is generally buried under a mound of legal technicalities. West loves to unravel these tangles. He loves to match his brains against other shrewd brains. He is contemptuous of thugs and gunmen, and says that any mediocre mind can outwit them.

How he got the name of "Zephon," I don't know, but he is known as Zephon throughout the criminal world. The name was tagged onto him when he was a young man, and now he has grown to be proud of it.

There is nothing spectacular about the way Zephon works. I have seen him in the midst of an investigation of a million-dollar robbery, when every one else was going around with knitted brows, suddenly start telling funny stories, and laughing as tho crime and criminals didn't exist; then a few hours later I have seen him unfold a chain of damning evidence against a defrauder that brought an indictment from a grand jury.

Mr. Witten tells us how West "once went before a grand jury with a pocketful of burnt nails and half a dozen chunks of molten glass and secured the indictment and warrant for arrest of three clever crooks." Says Mr. Witten:

The case is listed as the "Garland Case." Three men calling themselves "Garland Brothers" opened a jobbing house for perfumery and fine toilet supplies. They ran a legitimate business for nearly two years, dealt squarely with their customers and paid promptly for their shipments. They were rated as a good house to do business with, and were respected by the trade.

On a Sunday night, when the three "Brothers" were all away on a fishing trip, the building in which they occupied the basement and first two floors was burned to the ground. Their entire stock, books and all, was completely destroyed. Apparently it was a case of unavoidable bad luck, and even their competitors sympathized with the unfortunate men.

Garland Brothers filed a petition in bankruptcy, a receiver was appointed, the insurance collected and the creditors paid a few cents on the dollar. Then, as far as the authorities were concerned, the matter was closed. But some of the creditors were not satisfied. For, during the bankruptcy proceedings, it was found that just previous to the fire Garland Brothers had placed a number of large orders with several firms for shipments far in excess of what they had been accustomed to order. Most of these orders were for expensive imported perfume.

When the case was handed to Zephon, it seemed hopeless. "You go down to that building and look around," he instructed me; "I'll meet you there in a couple of hours." Then he put on his hat and hurried out of the office.

I went to the charred heap of ruins and felt that I was wasting time on a fool's errand. The shell of the building looked just like a hundred other such old-fashioned brick buildings that had been gutted by fire. Inside there was nothing but a black heap of ashes with a few burnt bricks and some twisted iron bedsteads that had fallen down from the tenement floors above.

With a feeling of disgust I spread a newspaper across the crumbling remains of a window-sill, sat down, lighted a cigaret and waited for Zephon to come. After a couple of hours of complete boredom I saw his short, stocky figure come with bouncing steps through the open doorway. He was carrying a small spade, and his eyes twinkled with mischievous humor.

He commenced digging little holes all over the place, and every once in a while he'd reach down and pick up a nail or chunk of molten glass.

"What are you going to do with that stuff?" I asked.

"That's my evidence," he chuckled; "that's what's going to land those phony brothers in the pen!" He has a decided Southern accent, and the happier he gets, the broader his accent.

We went back to the office and Zephon spread the nails and pieces of glass on a table; then he took a new, unburnt nail of foreign make from his pocket and compared it carefully with each of the burnt nails. As he made each comparison his smile grew broader and he became more excited. Having satisfied himself as to the nails, he pushed them aside and pulled the glass before him. He examined it closely and compared each piece with a beautiful cut-glass perfume bottle he held in his hand.

"It's a shame to do it," he said, "but I guess we'll have to. Get out the torch, we've got to burn this bottle."

We laid the beautiful bottle down on a sheet of asbestos, then held the terrific flame of the acetylene torch against the top. Slowly it melted and formed into an iridescent pool. We turned out the torch and waited for the molten glass to cool.

"You see there is no comparison," said Zephon, as he placed the other pieces of glass on the asbestos. They were a dull gray-green, while the melted bottle looked like an opal.

"We've got those fellows cold," he said. "Just before the fire they had shipped to themselves over six hundred thousand dollars' worth of imported perfume that only comes in bottles like the one we've just melted. They've stated under oath that this perfume was in their storerooms the night of the fire.

"These bottles are made of what is called lead-flint glass, and there isn't a piece of that kind of glass anywhere around the building. These pieces I picked up are just ordinary bottle glass. That proves that the perfume wasn't in the building when it burned down, or the lead glass would still be there.

"But that isn't the only proof we've got. The cases that perfume was shipped in were nailed together with nails like this." He held up the foreign-made nail which showed a distinct difference in molding when compared to the American-made nails he had brought from the building. "We'll get those fellows in jail first, and maybe we can make 'em tell where the goods are. But if they won't, we can trace 'em."

The Garland Brothers when arrested refused to tell anything, and maintained they were innocent of fraud. However, through the long routine process of examining records of shipments at the railroads, the perfume was located just before the date set for hearing the case. They had shipped it to a Western city, and had had it put in storage there, where they would probably have left it until they were sure suspicion had blown over; then they would have turned it into ready cash, probably at about forty cents on the dollar.

When the goods were found, the "Garland Brothers," who were not brothers at all, saw that it was useless to fight the case, and pleaded guilty to charges of arson, fraud and perjury, asking for mercy. They are now serving long sentences. If you speak to Zephon about this case, he will always say: "I sure did hate to burn that beautiful bottle just to send those crooks to jail."

One day I saw him gazing with an amused smile at three letters spread out on his desk. "Now, ain't that funny," he said, as I looked over his shoulder. "Here's Kansas City, Saint Louis and Topeka all sending in the same sort of complaint at the same time, and in each case the absconder answers to very near the same description, but with a different name. Names are the easiest things in the world to change.

"Now, let's see," he was thinking out loud, "St. Louis says that Frank Thomas came there about a year ago and opened an exclusive women's wear shop. According to his bank deposits he did quite a volume of business, became well established and secured the confidence of the banks and wholesale houses. Last month he placed a number of large orders, and the goods were shipped to him. He has suddenly disappeared, leaving behind two unpaid clerks and a store almost devoid of stock. He is short and dark, of foreign appearance, has a slightly foreign accent, is thirty-five to forty years of age, has dark brown eyes and straight black hair, prominent nose and chin.

"In Kansas City, James Murray did practically the same thing. Murray is a little dark man, about thirty-five years old, has snappy black eyes and black hair, large nose and forceful chin.

"Fred Wallace is the man complained of in Topeka. Wallace played the same game as Murray and Thomas. His description says he is of stocky build, forty years old, dark hair and eyes, big nose and chin, and a slight foreign accent."

Zephon mulled through a well-filled note-book for a few minutes, stopping from time to time to write down a name. With a list of seven before him he sat silently thinking, then scratched his pencil through three. "Bring me the records of these names," he said, turning and handing the list to a clerk.

The records set before him, he opened the first, glanced hurriedly through it, and put it aside. "Can't be him," he

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ESSEX COACH

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Freight and Tax Extra

The Finest Essex Ever Built

Never Before a Value Like This

The largest sales of 6-cylinder cars simply reflects the general recognition of greatest car value.

But it is important to note how this position of leadership gives Essex advantages in continually improving value to the buyer—because of volume economy, and because of the utmost refinement of workmanship through concentration on practically one model—the Coach.

Built on the famous Super-Six principle, the patents which account for Hudson's famous reliability, brilliant performance and long life, are responsible for the same qualities in Essex.

It is the easiest riding and steering Essex ever built—the finest in performance, appearance and workmanship. We believe it is the most economical car in the world to own and operate. Now it holds the greatest price advantage with the finest quality Essex ever offered.

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explained, "he only came out of Leavenworth less than a year ago." He turned to the next one and hesitated, then pushed it aside. "No," he said, "he's over fifty."

"Here he is!" he exclaimed, as he studied the third folder. "Petro Kikorik; Syrian by birth; thirty-nine years of age: beady brown eyes; straight black hair; large hooked nose: heavy chin: well-preserved teeth; five feet five inches in height; weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. Been in this country from childhood. Has a weakness for women, and is almost sure to be found in company with one. Pleaded guilty to charge of using the mails to defraud, and sentenced to three years at Atlanta. Released from jail two years ago.

"That's him. We'll have Petro back in jail within two weeks!" He rose from his chair and turned to me. "You start at once for Topeka, and trace the shipment of those goods. Wire me information at the local headquarters in Kansas City. I'll send Johnson to St. Louis! We'll land this bird before he has time to get rid of his loot!"

Five days later I sent Zephon a code message: Goods shipped Louisville Kentucky, and two hours later received a code reply: Meet me Watterson Hotel Louisville.

When I strolled into the lobby of the Watterson after a night in the train, I found Johnson waiting for me. "The chief's up in his room," he said. "He won't show himself outside, 'cause this Syrian bird knows him. He sent him up last time. You an' I gotta handle this alone. I've been here two days and have got our man spotted. He's traveling under the name of Dearborn, and has opened a store on Jefferson Street. There's about half the goods stored there, but we've got to locate the rest of 'em before we pinch him. He's got a Jane he's living with at a rooming-house down on Fourth Street. Zephon wants you to take a room in the same house, an' when you get a chance, go through Kikorik's things. You gotta keep away from the hotel, and telephone your stuff in to Doctor Sumner here."

With these instructions and the address of the Syrian, I went to his rooming-house and secured a room on the third floor. Late that afternoon I saw Kikorik and a peroxid blonde go into a room on the second floor. I told my landlady that I had heart trouble and found two flights of stairs too much for me, and she gave me a room on the second floor, across the hall from the Syrian.

Under pretense of being a stock salesman I had no trouble in getting on speaking terms with Kikorik and his "wife." They laughed at my offer to sell them stock in a zinc mine, and said they took all their gambling out in poker. The blonde coquettishly asked me if I'd like to play.

"Sure thing," I replied; "have you got any friends here to make up a party?"

"Yes, there's Mr. and Mrs. Stacey living near here. They're old friends of ours and like to play. Come to our room about eight o'clock. We're going to dinner with the Staceys and will bring them back here."

I found Stacey a companionable fellow and his wife very pleasant. Kikorik proved to be a good host. He had two kinds of wine, plenty of Scotch, cigarets and cigars on hand. I had a wonderful evening playing "penny ante," and lost twenty-six dollars and forty-three cents, which I charged to expenses. About one o'clock the whole party was thoroughly drunk. Thick-tongued good-nights were said, the Staceys went away supporting each other, and I pretended to stagger across the hall to my room.

For a few minutes I moved about noisily, then switched off the light, and sat down to wait. When I was sure that my friends across the hall were in a sound sleep, I went quietly to their door, listened a minute, then inserted a pass key in the lock and stept in. By the light of my electric torch I could see that the sleeping drug I had poured into their last drink was working like a charm. I couldn't have wakened them if I had tried.

Locking the door and pulling down the blinds first, I switched on the lights. Hurriedly I searched all their belongings, but not a paper of consequence could I find. Kikorik was lying on his back, snoring disgustingly. His trousers lay in a heap on the floor; I picked them up and took a bunch of keys from the pocket. Here I found something of value; on the ring was the key of a safe-deposit box. That was where he kept the papers we wanted. Taking the number of the key I put the bunch back in his trousers pocket, switched off the light and went out. I slipt quietly down the stairs and out of the house to a telephone booth. My call for Dr. Sumner was answered by Zephon. I told him of my evening's experience, and gave him a minute description of Stacey.

"Great guns, man alive!" came back over the wire, "you've blundered into one of the biggest crooks in this country! He's been mixed up in several cases, but we've never been able to get the goods on him! What's he supposed to be doing here?"

"He says he's got an auto repair shop!"

"Meet me at police headquarters right away!" Then he hung up.

Accompanied by two local detectives, Zephon, Johnson and I went to Stacey's repair and junk shop. It had turned very cold and a heavy snow was falling. One of the local men went ahead to see if Stacey kept a watchman to guard the place, but as we approached he signaled that there was no one about. It was then nearly three o'clock in the morning and the whole city was wrapt in silence. Opening the door of the repair shop with a skeleton key we made a thorough search, but found nothing of suspicion. Around the side of the building was a pile of junk, now partly covered with snow. Behind this pile of junk in a shed we found half a million dollars' worth of fine laces and silks stored, and in the garage beside it was a large truck loaded with valuable booty and ready to be driven away.

Leaving one of the local detectives and me to guard the loot in Stacey's junk shop, Zephon sent Johnson and the other local man to keep watch on Kikorik's store; then went himself to get warrants for the arrest of both men.

"Didn't I tell you we'd have Petro Kikorik back in jail within two weeks," chuckled Zephon, when we met at the Watterson after the local police had served the warrants. "Gosh a'mighty! We got two birds with one stone!"

Kikorik and Stacey are now serving a five-year term in Atlanta and when they come out again Zephon says he will have their movements watched, because recently his force has been greatly increased, and he is now able to keep a close tab on all known credit criminals.

This story naturally enough leads up to a brief statement of Zephon's professional rules of action. According to the writer in *Everybody's:*

Keeping under cover is an unswerving principle of Zephon. Of course he himself is now well known in the criminal world, but that does not matter so much. For he seldom does any footwork now, but is the directing brain that guides a number of younger men through successful solutions of criminal mysteries and tangles. False whiskers and disguises seldom enter into Zephon's work. Any crook can recognize the average disguise, and it immediately puts him on his guard. Poses Zephon often uses and advises his assistants to use. His favorite poses are a doctor or a minister, and he can play either rôle perfectly.

Evidence in support of this last statement is offered as follows:

A few years ago he set out to get evidence against a "fence," who was giving the authorities a lot of trouble, but who had proved too clever to get caught with the goods. This fellow made his headquarters in Detroit, from where he would smuggle stolen goods across into Canada at different lake points. Zephon went to Detroit as a revivalist preacher, and rented an old shed down near the waterfront. Here he held meetings every night, and in the daytime he preached on street-corners.

The local papers wrote him up, at first humorously, but in time they and people in general began to take his preaching seriously. He acquired a big following and became a well-known character around the docks and freight-yards. All the time he was watching the movements of the "fence," who was well established in the local business community and well thought of socially.

Finally a large shipment of shoes, which Zephon knew to be stolen, arrived consigned to the man he was after. Keeping a closé watch of the shipment, he informed the Federal authorities, who always come quickly when Zephon calls. They know that when he sends for them to make an arrest, he has already secured sufficient evidence for a conviction.

The arrest of this man, caught in the act of superintending the transfer of the stolen shoes to a lake freighter, caused a big sensation in Michigan, and the papers were loud in their praise of the detectives for landing this master criminal in jail. But no one connected the arrest with the jolly little preacher who had been ardently striving to save lost souls, and who shortly afterward disappeared.

"Don't you feel like a hypocrite when you go out preaching?" I asked Zephon one day.

"No, I don't," he replied. "I never say a word that isn't true, and if I convert people to right thinking, it's just that much good done."

This is the last of the Zephon stories narrated in the August *Everybody's*. The writer brings his article to an end with the remark that:

Zephon has for years been an unknown guardian of the nation's welfare. It is only now, after years of silent service, realizing that through the many crimes he has unearthed and the many criminals he has placed behind the bars he has become well known in the underworld, that he will allow himself to be given publicity, and will talk about his adventures. Zephon has reached the stage where publicity can't hurt him in his work, for he has ceased to do actual investigating himself, and has become the guiding brain of a great law-enforcing organization.

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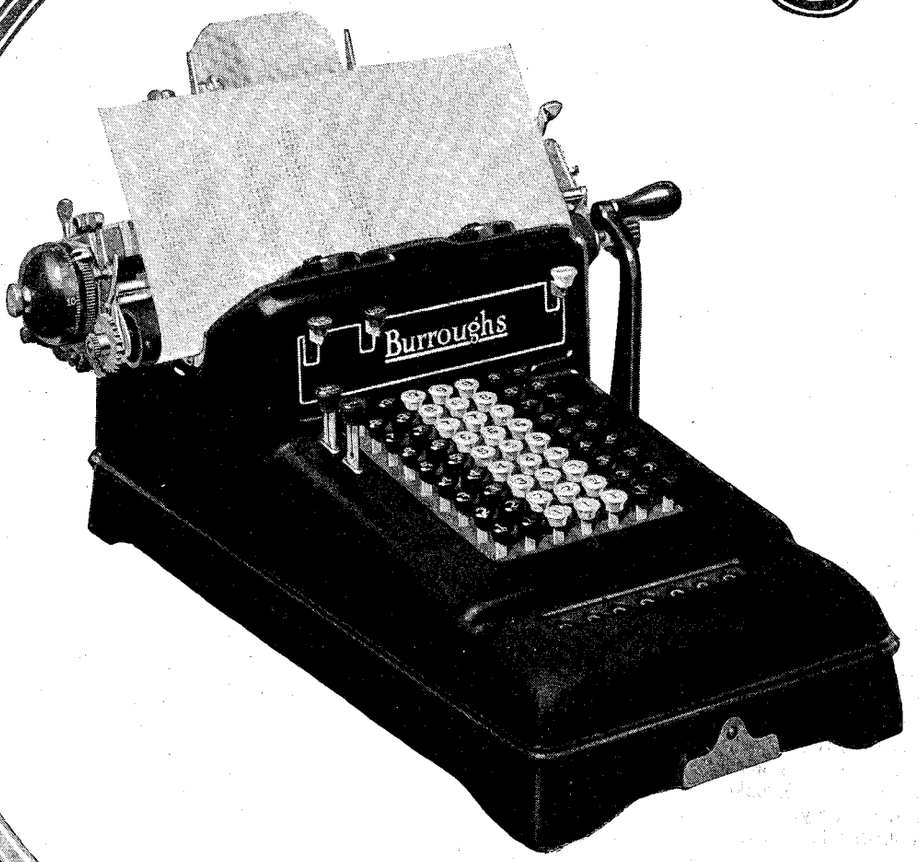
Burroughs



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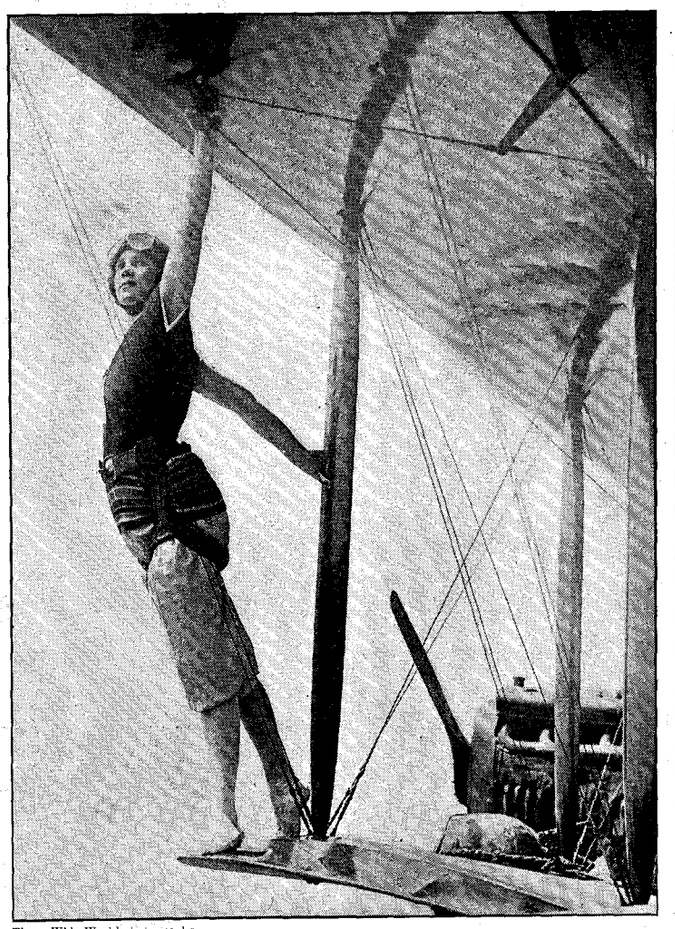
MOTORING · AND · AVIATION

HUMAN WINGS FORESEEN BY A SCIENTIFIC PROPHET

PERHAPS YOU FEEL YOURS SPROUTING already. But this article has nothing to do with angels. It has to do with a daring dream of evolution—not entirely a dream, in the judgment of its author, inasmuch as it aims to be a reasoned forecast of future development in the structure and habits of the human race, based upon scientific knowledge of animal evolution in past ages. "As living creatures swim, crawl, walk or fly down through the ages that compose eternity," we are told, "the slow grist-mill of nature changes their forms to suit the necessity of environment. No living thing can escape change, which is another name for evolution." Carrying the argument further, the author, Corley M'Darment, points out that modern man "has hurled himself into the air on wings of cloth and with an engine of iron. He has created a new environment for himself and this new environment is very likely to become a necessity, and if it does the human body will respond, and in time fit the surroundings with natural attributes of physical growth."

In other words, human wings! Mr. M'Darment reminds us, without reference to possible objections from Mr. Bryan, that "the ancestors of man once flew," and he conjectures that "the desire to fly is perhaps inbred in the race and is but a long-forgotten memory of the days when heavy-winged pterodactyl ancestors beat the air over Mesozoic lakes." And he tells us that in the modern air-plane scientists "already see a weapon, or rather a factor, that can easily lead man back to natural wings and still retain his superior mentality." All of which, with the practical suggestions that follow, chimes in with other recent writings of a more occult character, in which we are told that this is the "age of air," and that the human race is destined during its progress to achieve a mastery of the earth's gaseous envelop far beyond the present dreams of men. Annie Besant, whom Bernard Shaw once credited with being the brainiest woman of her generation, is one of these writers, according to whose doctrine the air age is synchronous with the sun's retrograde passage through the zodiacal sign Aquarius, which, altho its name has a watery root, is attributed by astrology to the "element" of air. The Aquarian age, as an astronomical fact, is to last some two thousand years, we are told. And it is pointed out that the preceding age during which the sun was passing through the sign Pisces, attributed to the "element" of water, was marked by great progress in the art of navigation, the exploration of the waters of the earth, and the discovery of steam power.

But there is nothing of occult tradition in Mr. M'Darment's presentation of the possibilities in the way of growing wings. In *The Dearborn Independent* he writes:



Times Wide World photographs

THE SPIRIT OF THE FLYING AGE

Woman's aspiration for wings seems reflected in this figure of Mrs. Lawrence Blevins, who had her first air voyage when she air-planed to her own wedding and later made a 3,000-foot parachute jump.

> The present type of air-planes will not aid natural growth of wings, but they have opened a way. The way this will be accomplished is not extraordinary, nor does it take any stretch of imagination to see it; already it is peeping over the horizon of the future. The fact is that man once having succeeded in launching himself into the air will exhaust every energy and resource to keep himself there. He has struggled too long to release his hold upon this ancient dream now come true. The end of resources in the form of fuel for air-plane motors is in sight. Thirty years will perhaps see the beginning of the end of gasoline motors. Then man will be required to depend upon his natural energy for flying. The faith that energy will be taken from molecules when oil runs out is based largely upon hope. But more will be said of this later. The recent development in motorless air-planes is a step very little beyond powered machines, but the little gliders, combined with the priceless secrets learned in aerodynamics, will surely produce a race of highly intelligent creatures with wings on their bodies. It may take a million years for this to take place, but a million years is only a moment in eternity.
>
> The discovery in aerodynamics that made flying possible relates to the use of elevators for acquiring and maintaining longitudinal stability of supporting planes in the air, and to ailerons which keep the lateral stability. With the application of these two elements, men can balance themselves in mid-air by manipulating levers. The rush of air beneath the planes or wings supports a weight, and the faster a plane surface moves through the air, the greater weight can be supported. By experience in flying, it has been learned that this extra "lift" can be given a plane by diving it through the air, and the dive can be controlled by means of the elevators. Learning how to control this dive is probably the greatest discovery ever made in the history of science. But this diving in mid-air would be dangerous indeed if the diver should turn over, but the wing "warping" idea conceived by the Wright Brothers a few years ago has been refined until now ailerons rightly handled will

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Opening Up a New Vein of Popular Favor

The unusual enthusiasm aroused by the New Franklin indicates that people find in it a touch of style, an air of quality, an ensemble of fine performance, quite out of the ordinary.

What is true of the New Franklin in general is especially true of this particular type—the Coupé. Sales show clearly that there is something individual about this personal closed car.

It may be the comfortable 3-passenger seat, the soft leather upholstery, the remarkably clear driver vision, the English coach-boot effect at the rear, or the price—only $50 above the Touring model.

Whatever it is, the fact remains that the New Franklin Coupé has not only opened up a new vein of popular favor, but has set a standard for the world.

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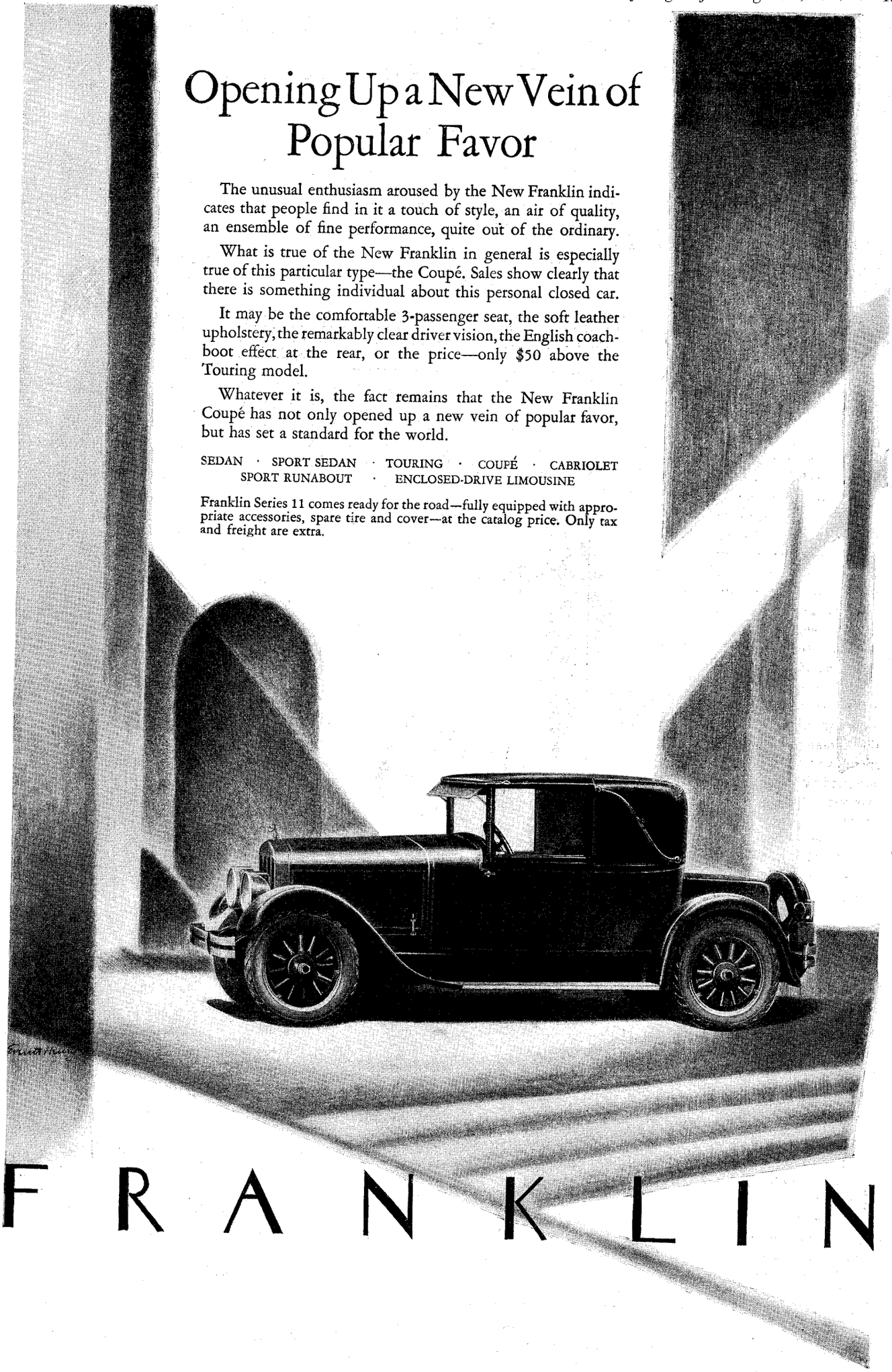
Franklin Series 11 comes ready for the road—fully equipped with appropriate accessories, spare tire and cover—at the catalog price. Only tax and freight are extra.



F R A N K L I N

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absolutely prevent a plane surface from turning over in the air.

Knowledge combined with experience in using these ailerons and elevators makes it now possible for a man to leap from a high place like a tower or hilltop with very small supporting surfaces and maintain a safe glide, or, in a wind, even rise above his starting-point, as has been demonstrated in numerous gliding tests. It is the knowledge of flying principles that has made late gliding experiments so successful. But instead of using a glider built upon the conventional air-plane lines, a supporting surface can be built around the human body like the wings of a bat, and by using the forearm webs as ailerons and the supporting surface between the knees and feet as elevators, a skilled aviator who has also had enough experience in parachute jumping to keep his head, could leap from a high point like a tower or an air-plane and "pilot" himself to the earth in a glide. He would, of course, carry a parachute on his back for an emergency and to release before landing, to lessen the descent. The first few attempts with such a bat-wing apparatus would not be much more than parachute jumping, in which the supporting surface would be "felt" out in the air for a few seconds before releasing the parachute. Then, as experience is gained, the glides before opening the parachute would become longer and longer until release would finally be made relatively near the ground.

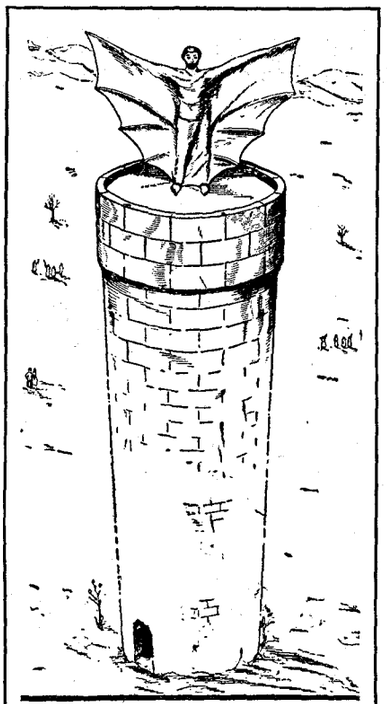
Mr. M'Darment does not refer to the disastrous experiment of Darius Green, but in a general way he acknowledges the many tragic failures that attended early experiments at flying with the support of artificial bat-wings, quoting an ancient record which says that the would-be flyers "fell and broke their bones." Concerning which he writes:

But the failure of the pioneers was due not to the principle of the supporting surfaces but to a lack of knowledge of the fundamentals of flying which every aviator now knows and uses. This main principle is that stated, pertaining to ailerons and elevators. Orville Wright has said that a modern air-plane could not have been flown by himself nor his brother in the early days of their experience, because present-day aviators have grown to the modern machines by degrees, through actual practise in flying the types leading up to them.

The figures on the bat-wing supporting surface mentioned show something remarkable. If the apparatus, made preferably of light parachute silk, be fastened to the hands and feet of a man of average size, the total supporting surface including the chest and abdomen of the wearer, will be approximately twenty-two square feet when fully extended. If the person wearing the apparatus weighs 150 pounds, the load per square foot would be slightly less than seven pounds. This is about one-half as much weight as regular air-planes carry per square foot of wing surface. The air-planes flying around the world are loaded to about twelve pounds per square foot and most racing planes are loaded to about sixteen pounds. With this low loading ratio a very slow glide could be maintained with the bat-wing apparatus. But here again skill by actual use must be obtained. The figures show the feat to be entirely practicable just as they showed the possibility of air-plane flight years before any actual flying was done. As skill in the use of the apparatus is gained, it may be possible for an operator to swoop close to the ground with extra speed, then suddenly pull up and make a "pancake" landing at very low speed, as is often done with air-planes, and after skill is acquired in this, parachutes may be entirely eliminated. Birds always alight this way. At this point the real evolution of wings on human beings will begin. In the absence of motor fuel, this light apparatus will be worn for safety in jumping from the gliders which will be riding the charted air currents, and the apparatus will be used for sport purposes and for light useful flying in good winds. Gradually a sense of the air and a flying "feeling" will develop. The cat is not yet far enough removed from its flying ancestors to lack the "upright feel" in the air, and if this animal be thrown into the air in any position, it usually squirms around and lands on its feet. Skilful stunt-flyers of to-day have developed this strange feel in the air, and are able to orient themselves with little difficulty; and the ease with which this ability is acquired, after a few months' practise, indicates that the human race has not entirely lost its flying "memory."

After long use with the bat-wing flying apparatus, the human body will in all probability begin to undergo slow but certain changes. The abdomen and chest will get flatter; the arm and leg muscles will become flattened, due to the pressure of air upon them, and the head may become a little more pointed and the ear lobes will disappear as they have done on fowls. The pressure upon the abdomen and chest will cause the skin to flatten on the sides of the body and become extended tissue. The same will happen to the legs and arms.

There will be prenatal influence, too, for as many women will fly as men, and the instinct of balance in the air and the feel of a lifting surface for air buoyancy will be transmitted to unborn infants, and after several generations a semblance of tissue extension might be expected upon a few infants. A considerable change in bodily conformation would also occur with children in their 'teens who would be flying while growing, and upon reaching full growth would have flying characteristics. Children would find gliding in the air great sport, and a flying instinct would develop that can scarcely be comprehended to-day for human beings.



Official photograph, U. S. Army Air Service

HOW A MAN MIGHT BE HARNESSED WITH 22 SQUARE FEET OF LIFTING SURFACE

The exhaustion of the world's supply of gasoline, far from being an ultimate detriment to man's mastery of the air, would actually hasten his evolution as a flying animal, according to Mr. M'Darment's reasoning. He explains:

If a new source of energy should be discovered about the time the present form of fuel is exhausted, the evolution of wings will be delayed until either the new form is also exhausted, if such be possible, or some cataclysm should occur and destroy the race before the development.

The possibility of deriving energy from molecules or atoms may never be realized. Or, if suddenly found and released without control, it is very probable that the concussion would extend to every other particle of matter upon the earth and cause the whole world to explode. We may now be witnesses to such disastrous experiments. The new stars or "novæ" which spring into sudden short-lived brilliance may be caused by collisions as is thought, but also they may be due to experiments of highly learned inhabitants who upon discovering the secret of molecular energy suddenly brought about their own destruction and that of their world. The disappearance of some of these new stars appears to lend evidence to the explosion theory, for in a collision of two bodies they would be apt to remain longer as a large glowing mass. In an explosion, the bits of the body would burst into flame and fly off into space, where they would soon cool and become invisible. If the inhabitants of Mars, Venus, or one of the other sun's planets should suddenly burst out as a ball of fire and no other heavenly body were close enough to collide with it, a plausible theory would be that the inhabitants had discovered the secret of releasing molecular energy and had burst their planet asunder.

Indeed meteors which strike the earth bear a strange resemblance to chunks from another world like this one.

Thus if some inexhaustible source of controlled energy is not found, mankind will be forced upon his own natural and elementary resources to keep him in the air, and this will lead not backward to clumsy pterodactyls, but forward to agile-winged creatures with mental abilities far beyond modern conception.

And that prophetic view is in line with the writings of Mrs. Besant and others who, as noted above, have dwelt upon the lofty destiny of mankind in the "age of air." They explain that the "element" of air, as understood by alchemists, both ancient and modern, is a much larger conception than that of mere atmospheric air, and refers to a subtle essence of which what we commonly call "air" is merely one of the gross expressions or products. Indeed, some of them are inclined to claim the ether as being identical with the air "element" postulated by ancient sages.

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"Some few years ago I ate Yeast for bacterial infections, boils and carbuncles. Within three weeks my infections disappeared and I have never been troubled since. But I have an especial message to mothers. Four children were born to me in four years, and they are perfect babies and I am a good specimen of a healthy mother—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast. Not only did it settle my stomach, when other things failed, but it also toned up my system, and gave me an appetite, which is most essential in motherhood." Theodosia Hession, R. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Now they are *really* well

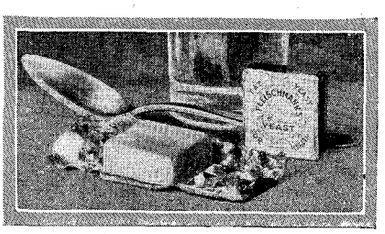
Vital, joyous, certain once more of their power, thousands have found the way to glorious health through one simple food.

"A year ago two friends and myself went on a hunting trip into an isolated, arid region. On our way out we picked up a piece of rich, gold-bearing float. We stayed nine weeks prospecting—living on the crude supplies the country afforded—and hope. My stomach was weak from abuse. My bonanza was a coarse, irritated skin—a breaking-out all over my body. I used a horde of 'positive cures' and then, discouraged, tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In two months I was as I am today. My skin was better than 'back to normal' and I was ready for every 'let's go'." V. C. Spies, Barrett, Cal.

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-66 The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



Eat 2 or 3 cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.*

"For six years I was ailing, nervous and depressed, interested in nothing, accomplishing nothing, rarely for twenty-four consecutive hours free from pain—all caused I know by intestinal putrefaction. At last I asked a nurse if there was anything in the 'yeast fad?' She assured me there was. I began eating daily three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast. Relief from constipation and pain followed. I continued to take it as a tonic and food, regaining strength and energy and the long-discontinued compliments on my complexion. Today I am vigorously well, praise be to Fleischmann's Yeast." Kate D. Meares, College Place, S. C.

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FIVE DOLLARS

Hanover Shoes are made up to a standard, not down to a price. They are not five dollar shoes, but quality shoes selling for Five Dollars. It pays to buy Hanover Shoes direct from the maker.

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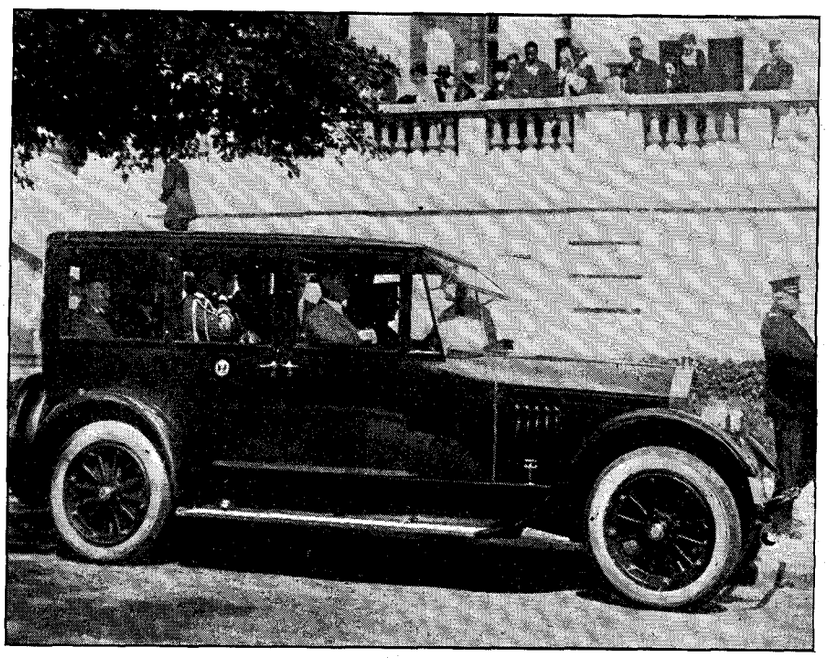
The Hanover Shoe, Hanover, Pa.

Exclusively for Men and Boys

Boys and Little Men like Hanover Shoes because they're good-looking and comfortable.
$2.50, $3 and $3.50.



"THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE IN THE LAND"

D. C. 100, with President Coolidge in the seat of honor, and chief chauffeur Robinson at the wheel.

HOW FOUR PRESIDENTS FLIRTED WITH THE SPEED LIMIT

A BLOND giant of the Viking type is Francis H. Robinson, head chauffeur of the Executive Mansion in Washington, who has driven four Presidents of the United States. His official title is Superintendent of the White House Garage, and we learn that he is "all of that," with the additional honor and responsibility of always sitting at the wheel of the President's own car. We are told by A. J. Montgomery that Robinson, in driving his four Presidents, has totted up a mileage of 500,000, and that he has also, while on duty at the White House, driven kings, princes, premiers, ambassadors and other great personages of many nations. Mr. Montgomery relates in *The American Motorist* that the President's driver has four other chauffeurs under him, each with his own car to drive, and that he himself is an unassuming official, whose chief treasure is a decoration bestowed upon him by King Albert of Belgium. We are told:

Several times a day a big limousine painted a dark blue and bearing the license number D. C. 100, may be seen gliding along Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, District of Columbia, to swing noiselessly by the north gate into the White House grounds and up to the front door of the Executive Mansion.

It is the President's car. For a large part of each day it stands in a space reserved for it immediately adjacent to the front entrance. Rain, hail, or shine, it always is ready for service, for there is no telling when the President may have occasion to use it. It may be an important speaking engagement or merely a pleasure ride around the Speedway at the fag end of a hard day at his desk.

Unless you happen to recognize the car or know that the number 100 is always reserved for the President, there is little to distinguish this particular limousine from hundreds of others of the same make. It always is of the latest model and always spick and span. If you look at it closely you will see the White House insignia embossed on each side, an eagle holding an American flag, and a large silver eagle surmounting the motometer. On the radiator is the silver emblem of the American Automobile Association.

There never is hurry or flurry in connection with its comings and goings. There is no honking of horns as the President leaves or enters the White House grounds—nothing, in fact, to warn the pedestrian or the humble flivver that the Chief Executive of the United States is passing by. President Coolidge is simply one of seventeen million motorists.

The car reserved for the use of the President is one of five Pierce-Arrow automobiles that constitute the transportation equipment of the White House to-day. They use over 11,000 gallons of gasoline a year and travel on the average well over 100,000 miles.

The President has, strictly speaking, no rights of the road that are not enjoyed by all other automobilists. He is expected to obey all ordinances and regulations, and in this respect all of the Presidents since the advent of the automobile to the White House more than fifteen years ago have been good motorists. In years back there have been occasional lapses in regard to speed limits, but that was before the advent of Calvin Coolidge. However, Mr. Montgomery adds:

While not entitled to special privileges, the President is, as a matter of courtesy, given the right of way. No cars are allowed to pass the White House car on the same side of the road. This is a safety matter as well as a courtesy conceded because of the importance of the President keeping his engagements. Only in the case of ambulances and fire-engines is this rule ever broken.

Before the President's car launches on a long trip, advance men are sent out from

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he White House to travel over the road, to xamine conditions and to wire back in- ructions as to what road is the best, and hat detours are advisable. The advance an always is a member of the White ouse Secret Service Detail.

The civic authorities in the States and in the large towns through which the President's car is to pass are notified, and a special traffic patrol is assigned to keep the lanes open, each State assigning its own escort as oon as the President enters its borders. ichard L. Jervis, the well-known head of he White House Secret Service, always is command, no matter where the President nay be. Whether it be a mere tangling up of the schedule, an unforeseen traffic jam, or a more serious matter involving the safety and the convenience of the President, he responsibility devolves on Dick Jervis. It's a job that calls for the maximum of tact and efficiency. He always is close to the President and either sits in the seat alongside the driver or rides in the Secret Service car immediately behind.

When the President is merely taking a pleasure ride, no notice is sent out ahead. He ventures forth like any other private citizen, except that the Secret Service is ternally on his trail.

The order of procedure on the road has become established. The President's car always heads the cavalcade, with the Secret Service car next in line. Third place as a rule goes to the car containing the representatives of the various press associations. The assumption is that, next to the President's bodyguard, the next most important link is that between him and the American people, namely, the press. Sometimes the order, as far as third place is concerned, is altered, but only on rare occasions. The President's physician rides as a rule in the car with the Secret Service.

All told, the White House maintains five automobiles, but of different models. There always is a landaulet reserved for the use of Mrs. Coolidge. This is the car she uses when she goes riding by herself. The number of it is D. C. 102.

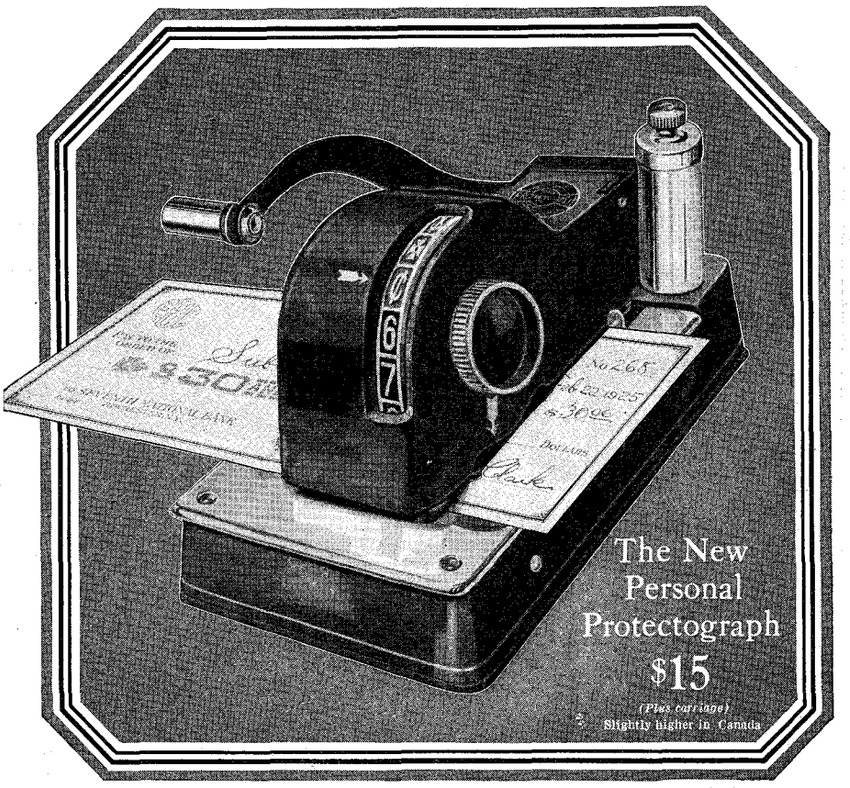
A limousine similar in every respect to that used by the President is provided for the Secretary to the President, D. C. 103. There is a special touring car, D. C. 104, for the Secret Service, and a similar car, D. C. 105, for the use of guests of the White House. Of all the cars in the White House ménage, the Secret Service car gets the hardest usage.

The cars are housed in the Army Motor Service Garage at Nineteenth and B Streets, about two minutes' ride from the front entrance to the White House. It is connected with the latter by direct telephone. Several men always are on duty, and a twenty-four-hour continuous service is provided.

Any historian who wished to descant on the motoring habits of American Presidents could find no better authority than Robinson, who has been the "First Chauffeur of the Land," so to speak, since mankind learned to speed by gasoline instead of horseflesh. We are told:

All four Presidents had motoring habits and characteristics of their own. But they all had one characteristic in common. They entered whole-heartedly into the camaraderie of the road, and in the old days before the advent of the "Seventeen Million" and the establishment of emergency road service it was not an infrequent thing for a President of the United States

Check protection is *now* within reach of all!



THE idea of check protection is not new. For years the sound judgment of the nation's leading business firms has led them to invest from $45 to $125 in one of the larger Protectographs. Thus they have guarded their business funds from the forger whose annual loot from unprotected checks is estimated by the American Institute of Accountants at $100,000,000.

But in the meantime, writers of personal checks, whose need for protecting limited bank accounts is even more acute, generally have not felt justified in purchasing one of the larger, more expensive Protectographs such as business uses to stand the wear of heavy, continuous use.

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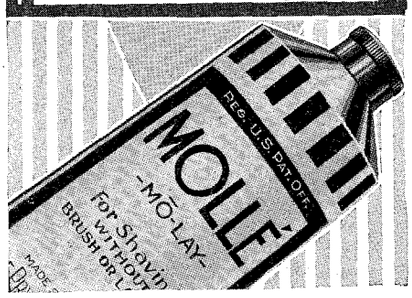

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

to stop his car in order to offer aid to a stranded comrade.

President Coolidge is not as ardent a motorist as were some of his immediate predecessors. To him the car is more a convenience than a pleasure, tho he is using it more and more for this latter purpose as time goes on. He is by far the most careful motorist of all the Presidents. As far as he is concerned, speed limits need not exist. In his rides around the Speedway and through the parks the pace is rarely more than sixteen miles an hour. He is a keen observer of all the rules of the road. He has the habit of pondering over his problems as he rides. As might be expected, he is a silent wayfarer who never says enough to detract the attention of the driver from the road. Altho he had a car at his disposal when he was Governor of Massachusetts, and later as Vice-President, he never has driven a car himself, and as far as is known has no desire to take the wheel.

Easy going in most respects, Mr. Taft, our first Presidential knight of the road, was a fast rider. The tradition that he was something of a speedster still lingers among the veteran attachés of the White House. He put a boyish élan and enthusiasm into his motoring. He liked the luxury of settling back against the cushions and seeing the landscape glide by.

President Wilson was normally a careful motorist, but by no means as cautious as President Coolidge. Mr. Wilson never hesitated to speed up when he was in that mood. He found the car an easy means of escape from the humdrum of the Executive Office. Like Coolidge, he was a silent motorist who took his problems with him to the open spaces. No President got as much pleasure out of the automobile as did Mr. Wilson.

President Harding very much resembled Mr. Taft. He did not relish slow driving, and his natural impulse was always to "step on the gas." He was the only President who had driven a car himself before becoming Chief Executive, and he always harked back to the old days when he drove his Locomobile to and from the Senate and over the mountains to his Marion home. He did not take many pleasure rides round Washington, but he was devoted to long-distance touring.

During his four years in the White House Taft spent his summer vacations at Beverley, Massachusetts. He made Beverley the starting-point for many long trips, some of them extending over a thousand miles and bringing him to the Canadian border. On one of those outings he took a different trail every day, and stopt at a different hotel every night, often entering towns and villages incognito and covered with the dust of the trail.

Massachusetts then, as now, was very proud of her system of highways and had many ordinances to protect them. One of these was to the effect that chains could not be used on certain boulevards, such as the one between Revere Beach and Lynn on the North Shore. Apparently the ordinance was unknown to the White House contingent. Anyhow, a traffic officer called at Presidential headquarters one day to serve warning of the existence of the ordinance in question. The regulation was strictly observed.

Mr. Taft must have raised the dust in some of those small New England towns through which he passed on his trips from Beverley. Two years after he had made his thousand-mile trip to the Canadian border, the Mayor of a certain town called on the President at the White House.

"Oh, yes," the President remarked cordially, "I passed through your town on our automobile trip two years ago."

"Yes, you did, Mr. President, and the dust has not settled down yet," retorted the Mayor.

As far as can be ascertained, Mr. Taft was the only President who ever patronized an automobile race-course. It may have been mere chance; it may have been that he saw the importance of racing in the development of the automobile; or it may have been just the sporting instinct, but the fact remains that Taft went racing in an automobile. The incident occurred at Atlanta, Georgia, where it happened that a visit of the President coincided with the opening of the speedway there.

"Suppose we ride around it," suggested the President one day.

There was some consternation among his aides, but they were all game, and the speedway was negotiated in a Packard car at a speed of something like fifty-six miles an hour. According to all accounts, the President thoroughly enjoyed the experience. The big Chief Justice was the most fearless, perhaps, of our motoring Presidents.

Wilson did most of his motoring with the White House as headquarters. His rides seldom took him beyond a three-hour run. These became a fixt habit of his life, which he kept up until within a week of his death. His car was his greatest solace and practically his only means of contact with the outside world during the two years he spent as an invalid and a recluse in the S Street home.

It is remarked of Mr. Wilson that, "in contrast with the exclusiveness generally attributed to him," he was the only President who sometimes elected to sit with the chauffeur on the front seat. As we read:

One of his outstanding traits as a motorist was that he much preferred to ride in an open car. He wanted plenty of vision and plenty of fresh air, and for this reason he insisted on the top of the car being rolled down—hail, rain, or shine. Even after he became a confirmed invalid who had to be helped into and out of his automobile the habit remained unchanged, and the haunched figure of the President wrapt in a great fur coat, half sitting, half reclining, became a familiar sight along the trails around Washington.

His favorite rides were along the Maryland pikes to Frederick and Harpers Ferry, altho occasionally he would ask the chauffeur to go in the opposite direction, across the old Chain Bridge to Arlington and along the trails of his native Virginia.

He continued to use the Pierce-Arrow, which he bought and took with him when he left the White House. On his last birthday one of the most magnificent cars that ever came to Washington was driven up to the front door of the Wilson home. It was a specially equipped Rolls-Royce, with the doors and top so constructed as to make exit and entry as easy as possible for the invalid. The car was the gift of a group of Mr. Wilson's admirers who knew how devoted he was to motoring. The identity of the donors always has remained a secret, but it was generally understood at the time that the gift came from a few of New York's financiers, including Bernard M. Baruch and Norman W. Davis, Undersecretary of State in the Wilson Cabinet.

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But Mr. Wilson never used this car. It is curious to note that a similar fate overtook the Locomobile which Harding bought for his own use before he became President. He made a few trips with it before he was inaugurated, but never used it after he entered the White House. His idea apparently was to drive this car himself on special occasions when he might hope to assume the rôle of a private citizen. But, like the Rolls-Royce, it was not used. It was one of the family possessions that Mrs. Harding took back with her into private life after her short term as mistress of the White House.

Altho Wilson was by no means a fast-traveling President, it was he who occasioned the first attempt to set a speed limit for White House automobiles, or more specifically for cars in which the Chief Executive rides. One day, while on his summer vacation at Cornish, New Hampshire, the President had an engagement to play golf at Dartmouth College in the adjoining town of Hanover. It was one of those rare occasions when he was late. He gave orders to speed up and speed up it was.

Nothing untoward happened, but that evening Dick Jervis issued an order on his own account. Dick is unofficious, unobtrusive, even soft-spoken. But when he gives an order, that order goes. Few know what actually happened at Cornish or what the utmost speed allowed is. It is a fact, however, that only on rare occasions has it been departed from.

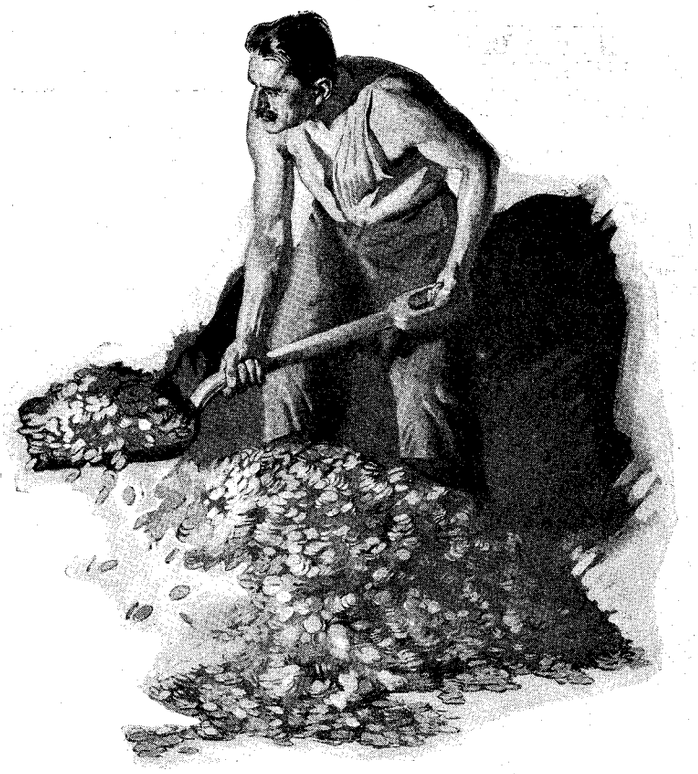
President Harding made it difficult at times to keep within the limit. Apart from the fact that he liked a stiff pace, he had a habit of crowding his engagements, which made it difficult to keep him on schedule, and on a few occasions the Presidential rule of the road was overlooked.

THE AUTO'S DISPUTED PARENTAGE

TO the title "Father of the Automobile" there seem to be several claimants. In an article in THE LITERARY DIGEST of May 16, made up of quotations from newspaper comment on the death of the late Elwood Haynes, he was spoken of as "the inventor, designer and builder of America's first mechanically successful automobile." But now Mr. Charles E. Duryea calls attention to his claim to be called "Father of America's Auto Industry." In his letter to THE LITERARY DIGEST, Mr. Duryea offers the following in reply to various statements made by the Brooklyn *Eagle* and the New York *Times:*

Haynes's car did not "run from the start." It had to be tinkered and finally rebuilt. "After 1895," by which time Duryea had shown Haynes how to build an auto. Further, Haynes's car was not safe to drive. It was not a constant or familiar sight. It had to replace the engine, the steering, the wheels and tires, etc., etc. It had a two-cycle launch-engine good for one speed only. It had no starting crank on the first trip. I understand it could not reverse. It had cycle-size wheels. No differential. A steering altogether too slow and too weak. It rattled apart badly. Had to be tinkered. All this is sworn to by Haynes and can not at this date be denied.

Further, Haynes did not experiment for seven years. He began experimenting in the late end of 1893. The title on the car at the National Museum is not as reported,



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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

but shows the fact that it was rebuilt in 1896. If the first contest was set for Independence Day and Labor Day, I never heard of it. And the Duryea was the only American gas car to start.

In the pamphlet accompanying his letter, Mr. Duryea tells something about what he has done for the motor-car:

Duryea is the "Father of America's Auto Industry." He built the first American gasoline vehicle. Begun in August, 1891, tested in April, 1892, tuned during the summer months and finished late in September, 1892. No crude experiment was this. Duryea does things better. It had been studied for years. His graduation thesis on "Rapid Transit" in 1882 included the auto. He selected the gasoline four-cycle engine, with electric ignition in 1886. He was consultant in steam-car building in 1888. He fully studied the art.

Thoroughly familiar with cycle construction and with light carriage work and interested in aeronautics, Duryea was fully informed as to knuckled axles, steering devices, differentials, brakes, transmissions, and had spent much time on gas-engine designing and manufacture. It was this thorough preparation that enabled him to produce a perfected vehicle at the first attempt. So satisfactory was this first Duryea car that the second one, immediately begun, was of identical design, except it had a larger engine and heavier parts.

Then Charles Duryea and his brother Franklin set to work on a third car:

This "Chicago Winner" was finished in the winter of 1894-95. It gave practically modern service during 1895, and won the first American contest, the *Times-Herald* race, Thanksgiving Day, 1895, in 12 to 18 inches of snow crusted hard enough to bear sleighs and pedestrians. First Prize, $2,000. Of more than 80 entries, only 6 dared start, 3 foreign cars, 2 electrics and the Duryea. Only the Duryea and an American rebuilt Benz car finished. Thus did Duryea prove leadership of the world in 1895.

After calling attention to various prizes won and praises earned in those old early years, Mr. Duryea remarks that the construction records are more important:

Duryea selected the four-cycle gasoline engine for autos in 1886. With electric ignition.

Inclined steering pivots on cycles and autos since 1888. They lessen strains, add safety, make steering easy and avoid steering-wheel jerks.

Long wheel-base, 1891, led most others ten to twelve years. Large rear sprockets, 1891. Present driven rings are 21-inch diameter. Rim-driving saves power and fuel. Spray carbureter, 1892. Others used gas tanks and pumps much later. Float feed, 1897. Auxiliary air valve, 1899.

Air tires, 1895. First in the world on autos. Throttle control, 1893. It revolutionized gas engines. Multi-cylinder auto engines, 1894, before any other American auto builder used single cylinder ones. Disk friction transmission in 1892. Individual clutch, geared transmission in 1894. Planetary in 1897. Roller drive since July, 1907.

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adopted 1896. Alternators in 1904 without batteries, switches or coils. Artillery wheels in 1895. Others 6 to 10 years later. Tops were always fitted. Duryeas were built for all weathers.

Selden's claims to be first are dismissed by Mr. Duryea with the remark that he built his first car fourteen years after the first Duryea, and with quotations from court decisions denying to Selden the status of a pioneer. Elwood Haynes is quoted in denial of his "fatherhood" of the automobile as follows:

"I have never personally claimed that the little machine which I made in 1893-94 was the first automobile built in the United States."

HOW THE GRADE-CROSSING FIEND WORRIES THE ENGINEER

THAT "narrow squeak" at the grade-crossing! Many motorists know how it feels to the occupants of the car—if they live to analyze their feelings—but few know what it means to the man in the cab. But now a locomotive engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad has broken into print to let the world know just what the reckless motorist, who tries to beat the express to the crossing, costs him in nerve stability. His name is Mills C. Leonard. His article, printed in *The Outlook*, is the "other side" of a well-known picture. He writes:

Come and take a ride with me in the cab of my engine.

I am going to drive her at the rate of sixty miles an hour, which means that sometimes she will go considerably faster than that. There will be thrills.

Perhaps I should tell you in advance of some of the things you will see—and feel.

There are grade-crossings, you know. The crossings are not dangerous, but the automobile creates a danger at them. I do not recall many trips even during the past winter months when I did not have from one to three close calls. At practically every grade-crossing without guard-gates some driver goes over after the whistle has been sounded. And where there are guard-gates, they sometimes smash them down and go over just the same.

Perhaps you will understand the nature of the thrills better if I give you one or two specific instances.

On the fifteenth of last January I took my run out at 5:41 A. M. An hour later, having been crossed over and using the east-bound track of double track to let a through Pullman train west run around my train, I was driving along at reduced speed, probably forty miles an hour. I whistled long and loud for a particularly bad crossing. When within about 150 feet of the crossing, I saw lights bobbing around on the planks. That indicated an automobile—in motion. My fireman, as I afterwards learned, was looking directly at the car. It did not occur to him at first that the driver would try to get across. Then he saw him "give her the gas." Those bobbing lights, however, had enabled me to divine the driver's intention. I snapt the brake valve to full emergency position.

We were three hundred feet past the crossing when the train stopt, but the

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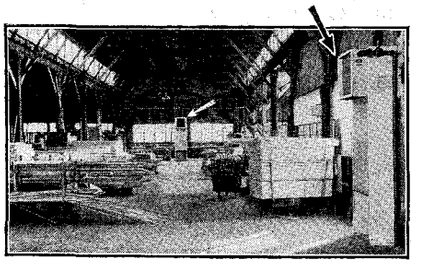

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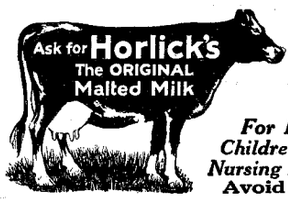

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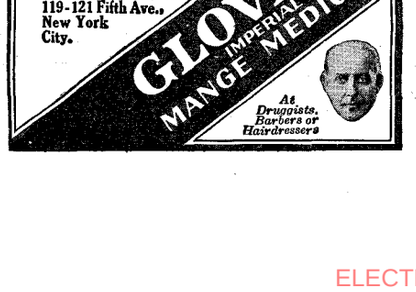

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

emergency application of the brakes had stayed the engine the one instant that it took for the automobile to get over those rails.

The fireman in a tremulous voice asked me, "Did he get over?"

I answered, "Yes, he did."

The fireman got up from his seat, came over to the gangway at the right side, and, talking as tho that driver might be getting every word, said, "Old fellow, no one but God saved you."

Saved! So far so good! A "narrow squeak" to make dinner table conversation. But—the man in the locomotive cab? He says of that "narrow squeak":

From that instant for the balance of the trip there was an engineer in the cab whose nerves were not fit for his job. Little clicks and knocks were so magnified as to make it seem that the engine was falling to pieces. While crossing a foreign railroad at grade, and having the signal to proceed, one of the foreign railroad's engines started to blow off steam. I started involuntarily from my seat, and it was only with difficulty that I forced myself to remain in the cab.

Another time before that, after I had sounded the whistle for the crossing, two automobiles shot across, one right after the other, at about forty-five miles an hour. I was thinking how much better judgment those fellows would have displayed if they had stopt and waited only one minute for my train to pass when the fireman shouted to me, "There's another!" Like a flash, a large coupé went across at about sixty miles an hour. In that coupé was a little girl about five years old on her knees looking out of the rear window. A woman, doubtless her mother, was at the wheel. To me, it looked as tho that woman was not thinking of her child, but only of not being outdone by those other two cars—or by that train, either.

If they do not come quite so close to the pilot of the engine, of course it does not shatter the nerves so badly. Sometimes it arouses a feeling within the engineer that if he could get his hands on the driver, he would like to thrash him soundly. Then again, if things go along for some time with no real close ones, he becomes hardened to those of five or six hundred feet and may not take a second look at the cars. Still, he knows that drivers are flirting with the grim reaper. They have been told of the mighty powers which their car possesses, of its quick pick-up, of its acceleration. Of what use are these wonderful attributes if they are not demonstrated? But the locomotive engineer knows that those who make the demonstrations will, sooner or later, repose peacefully at the end of their last ride in a wonderful car; and that car, if enough is left of it, will repose in a junk yard.

Were you ever held up at the point of a gun? I never was, possibly because I never had anything that the other fellow wanted, but I have heard men describe the situation. The hole in the gun-barrel looked as big as a washtub, the bullets the size of cannon-balls. But that feeling, when contrasted with that of the engineer when he is about to strike an automobile, is about as placid as the waters of the Amazon compared with Niagara Falls.

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mourneth for her first born," "go to blazes," "spilled the beans," "kiss me quick," "go off at half cock," "curl the lip," "custard pie comedies," "fat is in the fire," "bowels of mercy," "tote fair," "make a touch," "sweet on her," "tweedledum and tweedledee," "to suck an orange," "come home to roost," "tailors of Tooley street." The above are haphazard pickings from the 11,000 idioms and idiotisms quoted *and described* in that remarkable book, just from the press—"*A Desk Book of* IDIOMS and IDIOMATIC PHRASES *in English Speech and Literature*," by Frank H. Vizetelly, Litt D., LL. D., and Leander J. de Bekker. You can never know English as it is spoken until you know its idiomatic expressions—and how they came into our language This new work *covers that ground*—and to an extent never before attempted. Entertaining as well as educational. 506 pages.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

THE QUARANTINE AGAINST FOREIGN PLANT PESTS

A BILLION-DOLLAR loss annually from imported pests, that are inimical to the vegetation of our gardens, fields, orchards, and forests—that is the authoritative estimate. Imported pests, be it understood; upward of a hundred important kinds, and many hundreds of lesser degrees of destructivity. And we are further informed by Charles L. Marlatt, of the U. S. Department of Entomology, that 90 per cent. of these Old World pests came to us with imported nursery stock and other plants and seeds, and that most of the others came with plant products—"straw cereals, and so forth, and fruits and vegetables." Writing in *The Atlantic Monthly* (Boston), Mr. Marlatt answers the critics of a preventive measure known as the Federal Plant Quarantine Act of 1912, and in particular of the section known as Plant Quarantine No. 37, regarding which, he says, there has been grave misunderstanding. He declares emphatically that "Quarantine 37 has but one purpose, namely, to reduce to the utmost the risk of introducing dangerous plant pests with plant importations." Furthermore, he asserts:

There is no basis whatever for the assertion which is frequently made that Plant Quarantine 37 contemplates "a complete exclusion of foreign horticultural material." The Department has no wish or intention, now or at any future time, to make it impossible to provide for the entry, under proper safeguards, of any plant whatsoever for which a real need can be shown. Furthermore, that in the actual administration of the quarantine such provisions have been adequate and have been fully taken advantage of will be apparent from any examination of the records of importations thereunder. It may be of interest to summarize briefly such importations made during the five-year period of the quarantine (1919-1924). Not including the importations made subsequent to July 1, last, some 65,000,000 of the restricted or so-called "embargoed" plants have been authorized entry into the United States, and upward of 40,000,000 of these have been imported and are now the basis for some 2,000 different enterprises in 44 of the 48 States for the propagation of ornamentals and other plants formerly imported. The bearing of all this home production on the purpose of Quarantine 37 is that it lessens the necessity for plant-importations and correspondingly reduces the risk of bringing in new pests.

As indicating the ample provision for the entry of any necessary new or unavailable variety of plants, it may be noted that these 65,000,000 plants whose entry was authorized during this period include more than 17,000 different species and varieties of plants, numbering nearly 2,000 different roses, nearly 1,000 different gladioli, some 1,700 different dahlias, and upward of 1,200 different peonies. Certainly the assimilation of 2,000 different roses, for example, does not look like a complete

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
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exclusion of new or unavailable horticultural material!

As to field, vegetable, and flower seeds, and 80 or 90 per cent. of the bulbs hitherto imported, there has been no restriction on importation, notwithstanding the assertions of some unscrupulous local dealers put forward in alleged justification of excessive charges for these products. Nearly 260,000,000 bulbs were imported last year—not far from a dozen bulbs for each and every family in the land! It is true, however, that there will be restrictions on the entry of narcissus bulbs after the end of the present year—in accordance with a decision announced two years ago by the Department of Agriculture, a three-year postponement being allowed for readjustments among bulb-growers here and abroad. This seemed necessary, because—

Of all bulbs which are entering this country, the narcissus bulbs have proved to be the most frequent and abundant carriers of serious pests—pests which not only are destructive to bulb-cultures, but are even more damaging to important field-crops. The more important of these pests are two bulb-flies and an eel-worm or nematode. These conditions still obtain or, if anything, have increased in the meantime.

The two bulb-flies, particularly the smaller one, are found in practically every shipment of narcissi from Holland, in some instances investing as much as 12 per cent. of the bulbs; and individual bulbs may contain from fifty to seventy-five maggots! In Europe this bulb-fly is a serious enemy not only of bulbs but also of the onion, and has occasionally destroyed entire crops of that vegetable. This pest has now gained some foothold in the United States, chiefly in connection with bulb production, and has spread in at least one instance to onion fields.

Perhaps the most dangerous of all bulb pests is the European eel-worm, *Tylenchus dipsaci*. It very commonly infests the following field-crops in Europe: clover, lucerne, rye, oats, onions, and potatoes, as well as bulbs. In South Africa this eel-worm, introduced from Europe, is now generally found with alfalfa cultures, and limits the life of the crop so as not to exceed four or five years. In the United States it has already gained some foothold in the Northwest in the States of Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, and Colorado.

In conclusion, one can only urge that the immediate personal interest be subordinated to the broader view of what is best for the country as a whole. It would certainly seem to be unthinkable that the farm, garden, orchard, and forestry interests of the United States or that any true plant-lover should want to return substantially to the old system with all its attendant risks. Our plants are worthy of the same protection which we are endeavoring to give to our humans and to our domesticated animals, and that is the sole purpose of the quarantines restricting and safeguarding the entry of plants and plant products.

POISON IVY'S LARGE CLAN

THE ill-repute of poison ivy is known to every one, but many country dwellers, to say nothing of vacationists, are unaware that plants capable of causing inflammation and eruption of the skin are so numerous as to rank among the commonest causes of these conditions, particularly among country folks. Yet such is the case, according to Prof. Albert A. Hansen, of Purdue University, who names some of the offenders in an article in *The Indiana Farmer's Guide* (Huntington, Ind.). He deals specifically with certain plants found in Indiana, but notes that the species mentioned are common in practically all parts of the country. After poison ivy itself, poison sumac heads the list. A case is cited of a man who cut a fishing-pole from this shrub, and was so badly poisoned that he had to remain in bed for a month. Almost as surprizing is the indictment of the familiar wild parsnip, which is said to act as an irritant only when in flower or seed, and when brought in contact with tender parts of the skin, but which on occasion may cause rather severe symptoms, including blisters, persistent discolorations, badly swollen eyes, and even impaired vision. As to other habitual or occasional offenders, we read:

A number of our common species of buttercups contain acrid, irritating juices capable of causing painful skin rashes. Indeed, the freshly cut bulb of an Indiana species, known as the bulbous buttercup, is capable of causing deep-seated ulcers when applied to the skin. Children occasionally suffer from spreading blisters after picking buttercups. Among the best known of our contact poisoning plants are the common nettle and wood nettle. The stinging is caused by tiny hairs that inject a poisonous acid into the skin by means of a mechanism somewhat similar to a hypodermic needle. It is possible to stroke a nettle leaf toward the tip without causing irritation. Cold water affords the best known relief for nettle stings.

Visitors to greenhouses sometimes acquire a severe type of rash caused by contact with the Chinese primrose, a plant to which a number of people are susceptible. The trouble is due to an acid contained in the glandular hairs, and the resulting rash may become recurrent.

The commonest wild orchid in Indiana is the yellow lady's slipper, a species that thrives in rich, dry soil in woods and thickets throughout the State. Unfortunately, during the flowering period this handsome plant may cause painful skin irritation similar in many respects to ivy poisoning, with which it can readily be confused. The stinging properties of the bulb of Jack-in-the-pulpit are well known to every country boy and girl, but the fact that the freshly cut bulb or stem may cause painful inflammation of the skin is a lesson sometimes learned only after bitter experience. The stinging juice is similar in nature to the irritating principle found in the root of skunk cabbage, a plant that may also cause a particularly annoying type of skin disease.

Among the miscellaneous contact poisonous plants may be mentioned pepper grass; wild mustard, the source of mustard plasters; horseweed, the fresh plants of which contain an oil capable of causing

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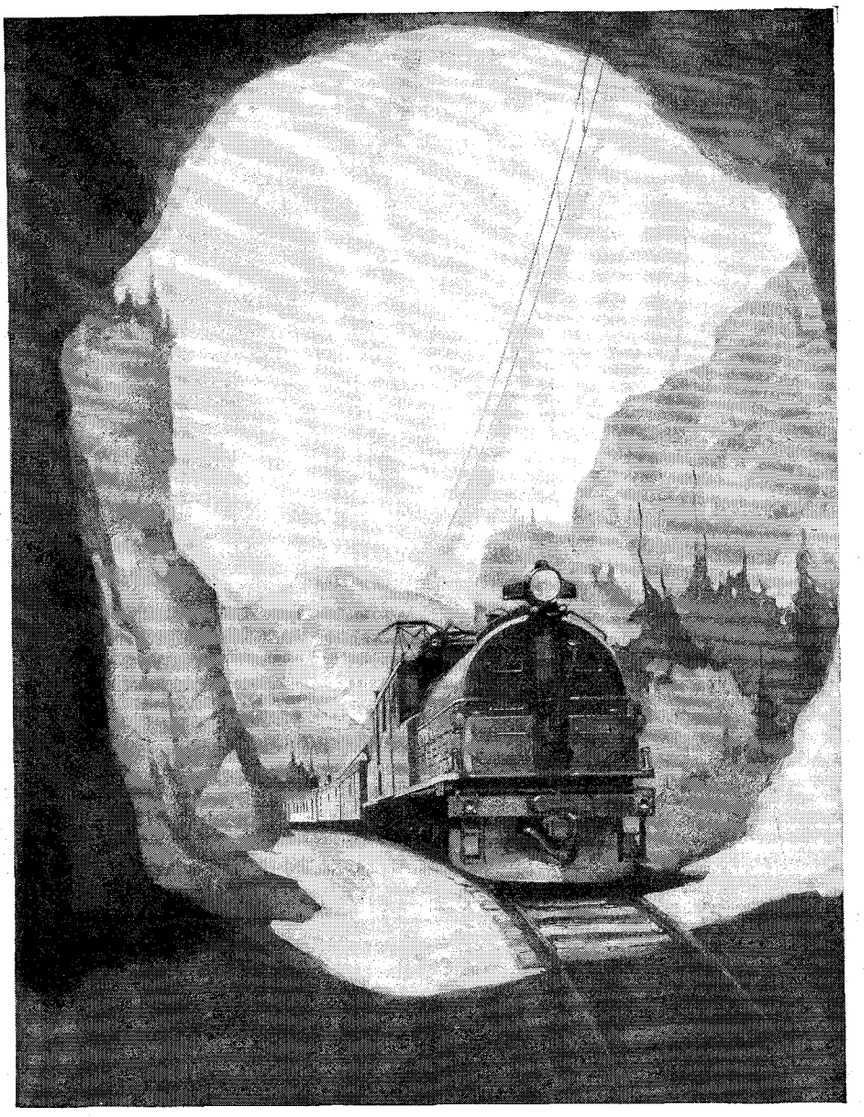
painful burning of the skin; the hairs of common cocklebur; smartweed; spurge; log fennel; clematis and the roots of pokeweed and bloodroot.

There are degrees of susceptibility in the same manner that some folks are practically immune to ivy poisoning. Some folks, however, have highly sensitive skins and it behooves them to study and carefully avoid all plants known to be poisonous by contact.

The matter of susceptibility, to ivy poisoning in particular, has been tested experimentally by various medical observers. Tests recently reported from the dermatological laboratory at the University of Pennsylvania led the experimenters, Drs. G. L. Krause and F. D. Weidman, to conclude that there is such a thing as absolute immunity, but that this is more rare than has sometimes been supposed, since, among the subjects of their tests, "two-thirds of the men who believed themselves immune were not immune." As to treatment of affected individuals, it is noted that a recent monograph gives a seven-page list of "vaunted remedies" for local application, which is interpreted as meaning that no really satisfactory local remedy is known. Similarly, Professor Hansen, in the article above quoted, states that no sure cure is known. He, however, recommends as "frequently effective" the bathing of the affected parts with "cheap laundry soap and running water, followed by several applications of extract of grindelia, which can be obtained at small cost from any drug store, diluted with from five to ten parts of water." The medical experimenters just named, whose report appears in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago), endeavored to immunize susceptible subjects with extracts of the poison-ivy plant administered either hypodermically or by the mouth—a method previously used and favorably reported on by a number of other physicians. Their conclusions, however, are far from encouraging, for we read:

> The pain at the sites of intramuscular injections outweighs the danger of future attacks of ivy poisoning such as are only supposititious in the commoner walks of life.
>
> In this series of sufficiently controlled subjects, the preventive system of treatment did not prevent. It is possible that the curative value of this treatment is likewise scant or nil, and that the beneficial results which have been reported are dependent on and ascribable to the variable susceptibility of different individuals and the varying intensity of the irritant as applied at different times.

The moral would appear to be: "Put not your trust in remedies, but give poison ivy a wide berth, unless you are very certain that you are immune to its effects." It is encouraging to add, however, that, in Professor Hansen's words: "The common notion that the wind carries the poison is wrong, since the trouble is due to a non-volatile oil." Danger therefore lies only in direct contact, with the proviso that "smoke from poison ivy is a powerful irritant, and should be carefully avoided."



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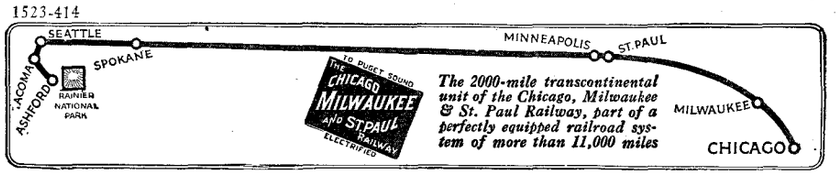

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

HOW THE MOTOR INDUSTRY STIMULATES BANKING

THE AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS has in the last ten years been stimulating in most spectacular fashion other kinds of business in the cities which have become motor-making centers. This, writes John Oakwood in *The Michigan Manufacturer and Financial Record* (Detroit), accounts for the way in which Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Buffalo, and Indianapolis have been jumping ahead financially and commercially. Incidentally, this writer points out that the automobile industry is an enormous factor in stimulating other businesses. Now it is estimated that more than 3,000,000 people are employed in motor-vehicle and allied lines, and "it takes more than 725,000 freight-cars a year to move the output." "The automobile industry consumes 53 per cent. of the yearly production of plate-glass; 65 per cent. of the upholstery leather; and 70 per cent. of the rubber; in addition it consumes 3,500,000 tons of steel, 1,500,000,000 feet of lumber, and vast volumes of other metals and materials"—as Mr. Oakwood notes merely by way of example.

Particularly fortunate, he continues, "are the cities harboring the industries' chief centers":

Detroit, of course, stands foremost. It is estimated that the wholesale value of Detroit's present annual output in the automobile trades is over $600,000,000. For Cleveland it is estimated at $162,000,000; Indianapolis at $95,000,000; Buffalo $90,000,000; and for St. Louis at $74,000,000. Some other cities, such as Chicago and New York, also have tremendous automobile interests, but these interests do not play relatively so large a part in their total economic activities as they do in the five cities named as centers of the automobile industry, which has been a primary source of the abounding prosperity which has come to them in the last ten years.

This prosperity is vividly reflected in the growth of the banks in these cities, which is typical of the benefit that has accrued to business in general there.

The case of Detroit is particularly spectacular in banking growth. Ten years ago, Detroit had seventeen banks with aggregate capital funds of $38,000,000 and deposits of $175,000,000. To-day Detroit has twenty-five banks. Their capital funds aggregate $97,500,000, and their deposits no less than $737,000,000. This is an increase in capital funds of $59,500,000 or more than 156 per cent. It is an increase in deposits of $562,000,000 or more than 320 per cent.—a ratio of growth equaled by no other large city in the United States.

Only less impressive than the Detroit case is the evidence submitted by the other great automobile cities. In Cleveland, on account of many absorptions and mergers, the number of banks in the last decade has decreased from thirty-seven to twenty-nine, but there has been tremendous expansion in total banking strength. Ten years ago the capital funds of Cleveland's banks aggregated $49,000,000. To-day they are $94,600,000. This is an increase of $45,600,000, or over 93 per cent. Aggregate deposits were $326,000,000, and to-day they are $835,000,000. Here is an increase of $509,000,000, or 156 per cent.

In St. Louis, where the number of individual banks has grown in ten years from fifty-five to sixty-two, there has been a considerable growth in banking power. Aggregate capital funds in the period have risen from $78,500,000 to $102,500,000, or 30 per cent. Deposits have increased from $312,000,000 to $599,000,000, an expansion here of $287,000,000, or more than 90 per cent.

Impressive also are the stories of Buffalo and Indianapolis. Buffalo had eighteen banks a decade ago as compared with sixteen to-day, but aggregate bank capital funds have expanded from $32,000,000 to $64,000,000, an increase of 100 per cent. Deposits have risen from $237,000,000 to $493,600,000, an expansion of $256,600,000, or about 108 per cent.

Indianapolis, which ten years ago had but thirty banks, now has forty-one. Their capital funds have grown from $20,000,000 to $24,800,000, an increase of more than 24 per cent., and deposits from $67,000,000 to $200,000,000, or an expansion of almost 200 per cent.

Some of these facts are tabulated to show the growth of banking in the cities which have become automobile centers in the last decade:

City	No. of Banks		Capital Funds		Deposits	
	Decade Ago	Now	Decade Ago	Now	Decade Ago	Now
Detroit	17	25	$ 38,000,000	$ 97,500,000	$175,000,000	$737,000,000
Cleveland	37	29	49,000,000	94,600,000	326,000,000	835,000,000
St. Louis	55	62	78,500,000	102,500,000	312,000,000	599,000,000
Buffalo	18	16	32,000,000	64,000,000	237,000,000	493,600,000
Indianapolis	30	41	20,000,000	24,800,000	67,000,000	200,000,000

In these five cities, it is further noted, there are forty-three $15,000,000 banks, as compared with eighteen a decade ago. In Detroit banks of this class have increased in number from four to thirteen; in Cleveland, from five to ten; in St. Louis, from five to nine; in Buffalo, from four to eight, and in Indianapolis, from none to three.

TOO MUCH CREDIT NOT GOOD FOR THE WORKER

OUR FINANCIAL AUTHORITIES have had considerable to say of late about abuses of the instalment plan of selling goods. Now comes an interesting comment from a different direction. "It is a new departure," remarks the Omaha *Bee*, for labor leaders to discourse to their membership on such topics as these. For the president and secretary of the International Typographical Union have issued a warning to members of the union against getting too deeply into debt and against allowing salesmen to load them up with more things than they can pay for. Their statement, says *The Bee*, is as valuable as any disquisition on the subject of pay, for "thrift and the pay envelop are closely related; very often a demand for wage increase may be traced to unwise expenditures, mostly on credit, which have unduly and unreasonably increased the cost of living." The plea is not, of course, for lower wage standards, "but for the better use of wages that are being received by the printers." President Lynch and Secretary Hays are inclined to think that the worker himself may not be quite so much to blame as some other people. A few paragraphs from their statement as quoted in the newspapers run as follows:

It is possible these days to "buy" almost anything under the sun with a small down payment. That the worker is entitled to some of life's luxuries as well as its necessities is a fundamental tenet of trade unionism, but that he should be haggled into mortgaging his future earnings, deprived of independence, and worried into an early grave is decidedly unsound from any view-point.

What chance has he against an army of smart professionals who lie awake nights figuring out scientific ways to break down his "sales resistance"?

Insinuating salesmen, trained in selling psychology and in "credit desire," abetted by wives jealous of their neighbors' displays, are constantly waiting to take the bread-winner in a weak moment and unload something on him.

Good wages and healthful working conditions can not add greatly to the wage-earner's happiness if he persists in getting into debt. The root of the evil is the tremendous growth of credit business, which in the last decade has raised a need for defense of the workers against the high-pressure type of salesman. Bankers and business men realize the gravity of this condition, but find it difficult to check the trend away from thrift.

This union's investigators, it seems, found one man who had "engaged himself to meet monthly payments actually in excess of his salary, living expenses having been left completely out of his calculations." Upon which the New York *Sun* comments:

Cases like this, or even approaching this, are bad for business. A workman who is paying for dead horses loses interest in his work, for he is losing ambition and hope.

The salesman himself will scarcely be blamed. He makes a living inducing others to buy. It would be difficult for him

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to find out, even if he wished to, whether the "prospect" could afford the purchase.

Mrs. Smith wants it, too. Mrs. Smith would be indignant if the salesman were to ask her about the family finances. If Mrs. Jones has some new fad or luxury, Mrs. Smith would not pay $100 in cash for it, but she lightly commits Mr. Smith to twelve monthly payments of $9 each. Not that the distaff side of the house is always the offender in extravagance; keeping up with the Joneses is also a feat attempted by Mr. Smith. In the end it matters little which of the Smiths is guilty; both suffer.

Credit, of course, has been the making of some naturally improvident couples. Going in debt for a home, they have abandoned extravagance in order to keep the payments up. This is credit of a beneficial sort. When their last instalment is paid, and for years afterward, they have something to enjoy. They have employed credit as discreetly as the man who uses it for the building of his business. But signing on the dotted line for luxuries without stopping to think is poor business for everybody except, perhaps, the salesman.

President Lynch gives what the Troy *Times* calls "a timely hint on governmental recklessness," when he makes this passing remark on the need for exercising thrift:

While on the subject it might be pointed out that the citizen of to-morrow will need to practise thrift if he is to bear his share of the gigantic bonded indebtedness the several governmental units of the country are piling up.

DAYLIGHT SAVING IN 1925

THERE has been some haziness in people's minds as to the extent to which daylight saving now prevails in this country, remarks *Bradstreet's*, which is due in part to the repeal of the national law and several State laws. Therefore, the results of a questionnaire made by the Merchants Association of New York are welcome. According to the financial weekly—

It appears from the results of this inquiry that two States, namely, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, are on daylight-saving time, while in twelve other States a greater or smaller number of cities and towns follow the same course. Thus, we find that over 130 cities in New York State are on daylight-saving time, these compromising, in addition to the city of New York, several of the other more important municipalities, and, of course, many of smaller population. In New Jersey eighty-eight cities, including the principal ones, such as Newark, Jersey City, Paterson, Camden, Trenton, Hoboken, and Elizabeth, are on daylight-saving time. In Connecticut that time is observed by banks, offices, stores, and factories in twenty-eight cities, including among the leaders New Haven, Bridgeport, Hartford, Waterbury, New Britain, and Stamford. In Pennsylvania five cities are in the daylight-saving list, headed by Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. The great city of Chicago and its suburbs are on the list in Illinois, as are thirteen cities in Michigan, five in Indiana, four in Ohio, two in Kentucky, one each in Delaware and West Virginia, and two in Maine. In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, it appears, banks and grain exchanges observe daylight-saving time.

MAIL-ORDER COAL

THE coal consumer—which means most of us—as well as the coal producer and coal distributor, will watch with interest the entry of Sears, Roebuck and Company, of Chicago, into the mail-order coal business. According to *The Black Diamond*, a Chicago coal trade journal:

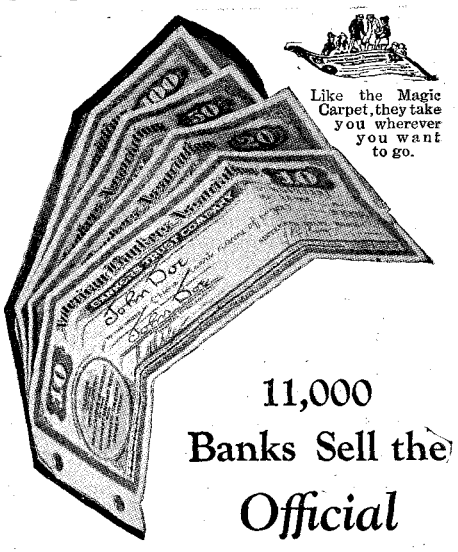
This is far more than the usual snowbird effort. It is not the sporadic move of a half-discredited individual striving desperately to maintain himself in the business world; neither is it an under-financed nor partially considered venture. It is a sober attempt at a new and large class of business by one of the greatest business institutions in America, and a concern, by the way, that has been built from the humblest of beginnings by a consistent policy of large turnover and small margins.

In spite of the long experience of Sears, Roebuck & Co. in the transacting of a distributing business by mail, we believe that they are going to run into some new kinks in the coal business. They are not taking the precautions usually considered necessary by those selling car-lots of coal by mail. The big mail-order house is apt to find out to its sorrow that it is one thing to order the return of a cream separator or a suit of clothes, and quite another to resell or reship a fifty-ton car of coal. While Sears, Roebuck & Co. are to-day in the coal business, it will take a little time to learn how the venture will succeed. At the start it can be only an experiment.

THE "PHONE FOR FOOD" CAMPAIGN

THE "Phone for Food" movement started by the National Wholesale Grocers' Association last spring brings up an interesting picture in the mind of a *Wall Street Journal* writer who suggests that "since pictures are now easily sent over the wire, those phoning for groceries in the future will increase even more, for if the grocer sends three-quarters of a pound of sugar for full weight, telephoning back a picture of an irate wife with upraised rolling-pin ought soon to bring the pound of sugar up to full standard weight!" The "Phone for Food" crusade, we read in a Chicago dispatch to the New York *Commercial*, is based on the fact that "an extensive telephone business is more profitable than any type of counter trade." The wholesale grocers are now educating jobbers, retailers and consumers to the advantage of this use of the telephone. "By means of little 'phone for food' sticker-stamps to be pasted on all bills and bundles leaving the grocery stores, 'phone for food' mailing inserts giving 'ten reasons why,' wagon posters, window bills, special window displays and newspaper electros, it is anticipated that the 'phone for food' slogan in a few months will be even more popular than the legend, 'say it with flowers.'

In the course of a two-year survey made by the National Wholesale Grocers' Association it was demonstrated to the complete satisfaction of the committee in charge that telephone merchandising will accomplish:



11,000 Banks Sell the *Official*

Travelers' Cheques

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Cheques

"TRAVEL MONEY"

Buy them at your own bank.

Most widely used: 650,000 travelers last year cashed 6,000,000 A·B·A (American BANKERS Association) Travelers' Cheques totaling $136,500,000. Carried all over the world by experienced travelers.

Safer than money to carry on the person while traveling.

Easy to cash: Accepted by hotels, shops, banks and ticket offices at home and abroad. Cashed in foreign countries at current rates of exchange. No necessity for changing funds carried in A·B·A Cheques when crossing frontiers. A convenient way to carry travel funds because not dependent for cashing upon banks or banking hours. Cashable day and night, business day and holiday.

You sign them all when you buy them. You sign each one again, when you use it, in the presence of the person who cashes it. That's all.

Handy: Provided in small, compact bill folds in denominations of $10, $20, $50 and $100. Light and easy to carry.

Nice to Handle: Clean, crisp, fresh and handsome as new bank-notes.

An identification: Your countersignature enables you to identify yourself, saving you the embarrassment of having a personal check refused, and avoiding annoying delays.

Good for customs: Officially authorized by the U. S. Government for acceptance in payment of customs duties.

Free Travel Booklet

Ask your own bank for the A·B·A (American BANKERS Association) Travelers' Cheque booklet, "Travel Trails," which contains information valuable to all travelers. Or write us direct.

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Watch Your Heart

170,033 Deaths Last Year
From Heart Disease—465 Every Day!

Tuberculosis *was* the chief scourge of humanity for centuries. But other diseases are surpassing it in fatality. The death-dealing leader in this country is now HEART DISEASE! Last year's U. S. Government report showed 170,033 deaths in one year from heart disease! 465 *every* day! Diabetes is growing more fatal, especially among the stout! Cancer and other malignant tumors swell the mortality reports! Malaria takes more and more lives annually! Deaths from influenza jumped in thirteen years from 14 per cent. to 133 per cent.!

One-third of our men examined in the second draft during the World War were found *physically unfit* for military service! *Sixty-three per cent.* of the applicants for life insurance in one company *had physical defects requiring medical, surgical, or dental attention!* In many cases—heart trouble, for instance—*we live constantly in the shadow of death* without knowing it!

Every One Should Know How to Keep Well and Fit

The man who has this consideration at heart will read and study

The Nation's Foremost Book of Health
Rewritten and Enlarged

HOW TO LIVE

Eighteenth (1925) Edition Just Published

Prepared by Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale University, and Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, in collaboration with such eminent men of the Hygiene Reference Board of the Life Extension Institute, Inc. as Asst. Surgeon-General Rupert Blue, U. S. Public Health Service; Prof. Russell H. Chittenden, Yale University; Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, George Washington University; Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, University of Pennsylvania; Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, U. S. Navy; Dr. Walter B. Cannon, Harvard Medical School; Dr. Mazyck P. Ravenel, University of Missouri; Prof. M. E. Jaffa, University of California; Prof. Henry C. Sherman, Columbia University; Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, Superintendent, Battle Creek Sanitarium, and many others.

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The new 1925 edition of *How to Live* is the last word on Health and Hygiene. It embraces the most up-to-date information that Science has to offer on the care of one's body and mentality, whether individually or as a member of a community. It is written throughout in easily understood non-technical language. The sixteen rules of Hygiene are given, also forms of diet to insure proper nutrition, and advice on ventilation, housing, medication, exercises, etc.

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Heredity and Mate Choosing
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High Blood Pressure
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Treatment of Defectives
Work and Play
Tables of Food Values

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The State Boards of Health of Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Pennsylvania and New York endorse and recommend the book.

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Prof. Robert T. Legge, Department of Hygiene, University of California at Berkeley, wrote: "I have adopted it as a text-book for my freshman classes, and have placed an order for at least one thousand copies for the coming semester." Since this letter was written 2,100 additional copies have been ordered.

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Big business houses, including U. S. Steel Corporation, Sherwin-Williams Co., American Rolling Mill Company, and many others, have bought it in quantities for their employees.

More than 100 universities, colleges, etc., use *How to Live* as a text-book in teaching personal hygiene.

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12mo. Cloth. 541 pages.

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SOME OF THE TOPICS

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Constipation
Consumption
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Degeneracy
Despondency
Diabetes
Diet Therapy
Disinfection
Dyspepsia
Ear Trouble
Endurance
Eye Strain
Fat
Flat Foot
Headaches
Heredity
Hurrying
Infectious Diseases
Insomnia
Kidneys
Lockjaw
Love Marriages
Malaria
Melancholy
Mind Cures
Mineral Oils
Moonshine Liquor
Mosquitoes
Nose Infection
Old Age
Outdoor Living
Overweight
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Race Hygiene
Rectal Impairment
Relaxation
Rheumatism
Rickets
Rupture
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Address.....

City..... State.....

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

1. Increase Sales Volume. Where the phone for food plan has been in actual operation, it has increased volume and at the same time reduced the operating expense in percentage of net sales, because the average store can handle a considerably larger volume of business without affecting its fixt expense.

2. Increases Sales Radius. The grocer who is solely dependent upon a counter trade has no opportunity to develop business except among that limited number of shoppers who actually enter his store. A housewife isn't going to walk miles to patronize a distant grocer, no matter how obliging he is. But she can telephone miles to him, and will, if he gives guaranteed quality and service. By a studious use of the telephone and the organization of an efficient delivery service, a grocer can extend the scope of his trading area many miles.

3. Increase Sales Values. The telephone order is of greater value than any other type of sale.

(a) The telephone business commonly institutes one-half or more of the entire volume.

(b) The volume of business thus secured by telephone, while only five-tenths of the total volume of sales, produces about seven-tenths of the total revenue.

(c) This difference is due to greater value per item as well as greater size of the telephone order.

(d) The telephone order in respect to the average number of items per order is twice as large as the cash-carry order, one and one-half times the credit-carry, and even greater than the counter-delivery order.

(e) The telephone order in respect to value per order is worth about two and one-half times the credit-carry, and is materially better than the counter delivery sale.

4. Saves Time and Increases Sales Capacity of Employees. Since the wages of the sales force is such a large item in total expenses, the time occupied by a clerk in selling each variety of order is vital.

(a) Three telephone orders can be taken in the same time that one counter order, carried or delivered, consumes. The telephone, therefore, increases the sales capacity of employees, thereby making possible more effective use of employees services.

(b) In terms of sales force expense the counter orders would cost about three times as much as the telephone order.

(c) While this difference in actual selling cost is significant, the true measure of sales effectiveness is the ratio of the selling cost to value of the sale. Due to the higher unit value of the telephone order and its low sales cost, the cash-carry order would cost six and one-half times as much as the telephone order, the credit-carry four and one-half times as much, and the counter-delivery order over three times as much.

5. Means Steady Operation. Steady operation, of course, is the only solution to the problem of waiting hours and the expensive sales force adjustments necessary for handling the rush hour trade. Trade data shows that the store depending solely on counter trade is limited largely to business conducted between 10 A. M. and 12 noon and in the afternoon from 3.30 to 6 o'clock.

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

July 15.—Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain states in Parliament that the British Government is ready to cooperate in the suppression of contraband traffic in the territorial waters of Morocco, but prefers not to participate in any actions outside these waters in the campaign against the Riffs.

July 16.—Miss Lillian Harrison, the young Argentine swimmer, fails to swim the English Channel, and has to be taken from the water on account of the cold after swimming to within five miles of Dover from the French coast.

July 17.—The total French casualties so far in the Moroccan war are reported in a Fez dispatch as 4,148. Of these 707 were killed, 2,775 wounded, and 666 missing.

July 18.—The French and Belgians begin the evacuation of the Ruhr, their departure being unmarked by disturbance.

July 19.—Another military revolt occurs in Lisbon, Portugal, but is suppress without a shot, and the leaders are arrested.

Cardinal Begin, Primate of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada, dies at his home in Quebec in his eighty-fifth year.

July 21.—Germany's reply to the French security note expresses Germany's readiness to enter the League of Nations, but indicates that Berlin hopes to gain some modifications of the conditions of the occupation of the Rhine area and some revision of the Versailles Treaty.

The French Government mobilizes 150,000 troops against Abd-el-Krim, leader of the Riffians in Morocco.

DOMESTIC

July 15.—Seventy-one men and eleven girls are arrested in New York on charges of counterfeiting, after an investigation of three months into their activities.

July 17.—The American Woolen Company in Boston announces that wages will be reduced in its mills by 10 per cent. on July 27, and similar action is taken by other New England mills. Decreasing business is given as the reason.

July 20.—China's debt of $6,137,552, the final instalment of its indemnity for the Boxer outbreak, is remitted by President Coolidge. The indemnity was originally fixt at $24,000,000. The sums paid are used to educate Chinese students.

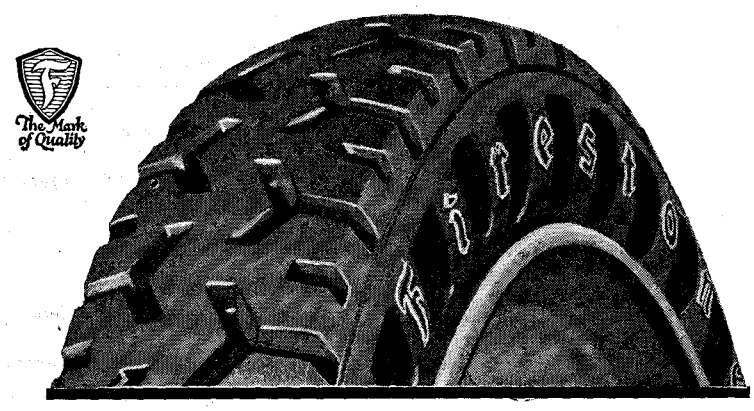
July 21.—President Coolidge, it is announced, calls for a special investigation of the Navy Department with a view to cutting down expense. It is said the President demands the saving of $20,000,000.

John Thomas Scopes is found guilty of violating Tennessee's anti-evolution law and is fined $100. An appeal is taken.

Van A. Bittner, representative of the United Mine Workers in northern West Virginia, notifies Secretary of Commerce Hoover and Secretary of Labor Davis that a general strike of coal-miners will be called in his district if the operators do not discontinue abrogation of wage agreements.

Firestone

R. M. C.



Removable Maxi-Cushion for Light Trucks

Here is a cushion tire for Ford trucks, fitting the same wheels with the same simple attachments—in size 30x3½, 32x4½, 33x5 and 30x5. It gives operators full-time truck operation, by eliminating puncture delays—and full truck economy in protective cushioning and long mileage.

Note the Firestone offset pocket construction that gives extra strength, capacity and distribution of heat and strain. Under the wide, gripping tread there is a full depth of tough, slow-wearing rubber.

The nearest Firestone Service Dealer will show you how operators are profiting by keeping a set of R. M. C. Tires on hand for use on rush jobs and rugged work.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . Firestone

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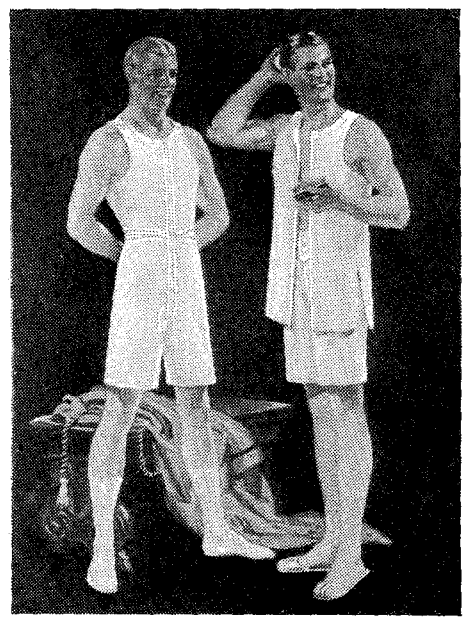
"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

Be sure to see that it's "B.V.D." LOOK for this LABEL



MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

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Get the underwear you ask for!

Remember that *no* underwear without the red woven "B.V.D." label *is* "B.V.D."

Assure yourself of that Famous Fit, Long Wear, and Cool Comfort which have kept "B.V.D." the world's most popular men's underwear.

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THE ▾ SPICE ▾ OF ▾ LIFE

Cruel!—"Can you drive with one hand?"

"You bet I can."

"Then have an apple."—*Life.*

A Martyr to Truth.—"And what are you in for, my poor man?"

"Ninety years. I was a high-school teacher and I told my pupils there wasn't any Santa Claus."—*Judge.*

She Was Observant.—TRAMP—"Madam, I was not always thus."

HOUSEWIFE—"No; it was your other arm you had in a sling last week."—*Brisbane (Australia) Mail.*

Or Our Signboards.—A new paint has been invented which renders submarines practically invisible. This should be used in an endeavor to brighten up some of our statues.—*London Opinion.*

A Mere Cipher.—"A proverb says 'Add naught to the truth.'"

"I suspect that is what those movie stars do when they are telling what salaries they get—$500 becomes $5,000."—*Boston Transcript.*

They Had to Walk.—"What's become of the Hikers' Club?"

"Oh, it disbanded. It was getting too hard to persuade passing motorists to pick us up and give us a lift."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Our Omniscient Children!—FRIEND (admiringly)—"Where did you get your amazing knowledge of social and economic subjects?"

HOST (proudly)—"From my daughter's graduation essay."—*Boston Transcript.*

Too Good a Mimic.—"Where is that beautiful canary bird of yours that used to sing so clearly and sweetly?" asked Mrs. Weatherbee.

"I had to sell him," Mrs. Butlam said tearfully. "My son left the cage on the radio set and he learned static."—*Earth Mover.*

A Movable Assassination.—GUIDE—"This is the room where the duke was assassinated."

VISITOR—"Indeed! Why, last year you showed us another room."

GUIDE—"Quite right, sir, but that room is being repainted now."—*Brisbane (Australia) Mail.*

Interesting Coincidence.—It was little Flossie's first day at school. Her name had been registered, and the teacher asked, "Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Flossie.

"Are you the oldest one of the family?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," returned Flossie, "father and mother's both older'n me."—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

And Should Be a Leader.—SUB-HEAD—"Sousa sues cigar manufacturer for giving his name to a three-center."

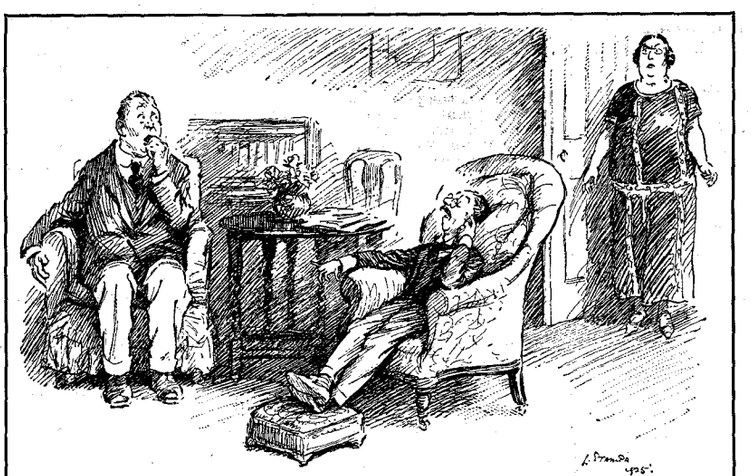
The Sousa cigar should have a band, of course.—*Boston Transcript.*

May the Survivor Recover!—

TWO TRUCKS CRASH,
ONE DEAD, ONE HURT.
—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Give Him the Best.—"Madam," said the doctor, "I shall have to paint your husband's throat with nitrate of silver."

"Please use nitrate of gold, doctor," exclaimed Mrs. Moneybags. "The expense is quite immaterial."—*Wesleyan Argus.*



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FRIEND: "Your wife tells me she's settled that you all go to Sunnybourne for the summer."

LITTLE BINKS: "Ha! Ha! She thinks she did it. As a matter of fact I *willed* her to choose Sunnybourne. I wouldn't let her know it, though, poor lamb."

The Height of Candor.—MRS. A.—"I make it a rule never to ask another to do what I would not do myself."

MRS. B.—"But, my dear, surely you don't go to the door yourself and tell your caller you are not at home."—*Boston Transcript.*

She Had Him Down Pat.—The fresh young traveling salesman put on his most seductive smile as the pretty waitress glided up to his table in the hotel dining-room to get his order, and remarked:

"Nice day, little one."

"Yes, it is," she replied. "And so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a pretty girl and have lovely blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while, and I like the place, and don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working here. My wages are satisfactory and I don't think there's a show or dance in town to-night, and if there was I wouldn't go with you, I'm from the country and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is the cook in this hotel, and he was a college football player and weighs three hundred pounds; last week he pretty nearly ruined a $25-a-week traveling man who tried to make a date with me; now, what'll you have—roast beef, roast pork, Irish stew, hamburger or fried liver?"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Wages in Florida.—2 BOAT carpenters on new towboat, $100 per hour. F. Howard, 1719 N. W. 1st St.—*Miami Herald.*

Missed His Chance.—LADY—"Why aren't you a successful business man?"

TRAMP—"You see, lady, I wasted me time in school instead of selling newspapers."—*Life.*

Another Faithful Reader.—"Why, my dear man, already my poetry is being read by twice as many people as before."

"Oh—I didn't know you had married."—*Brisbane (Australia) Mail.*

Oh, Don't Mention It!—MRS. SMITH (after ten minutes' conversation)—"Well, Mrs. Brown, I must be getting along to the plumber. My husband's home with his thumb on a burst pipe, waiting till he comes."—*Good Hardware.*

Touching Self-Denial.—AUNT—"And were you a very good little girl at church this morning, Alice?"

ALICE—"Oh, yes, auntie. A man offered me a big plate of money, and I said, 'No, thank you.'"—*Answers (London).*

A Canine Vegetable.—"Yes," the teacher explained, "quite a number of plants and flowers have the prefix 'dog.' For instance, the dog-rose and dog-violet are well known. Can any of you name another?"

There was silence, then a happy look illuminated the face of a boy at the back of the class.

"Please, miss," he called out, proud of his knowledge, "collie-flowers!"—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Two Ruling Passions.—"Uncle Joe" Cannon said on his eighty-ninth birthday in Danville:

"The way to grow old is to pay no attention to it. Some men retire from business at sixty or so, build bungalows in Los Angeles, and do nothing ever afterward but sit on the front porch and listen to their arteries hardening. That's a bad thing.

"A worse thing is to join one of our year-round seashore colonies. There the men all get to be golf cranks, while their wives, never missing an auction in the Japanese shops on the boardwalk, become auction cranks.

"Once I spent a week-end at a seashore cottage where my host and hostess were cranks of this kind. My bedroom was next to theirs, and I hardly got a wink of sleep, for all night long the golf crank husband kept yelling out in his dreams, 'Fore!' and instantly his auction-crank wife would yell, 'Four and a half!'"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

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